

PEACE
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The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada East & Newfoundland

International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

The SALVATION ARMY

Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts. Toronto.

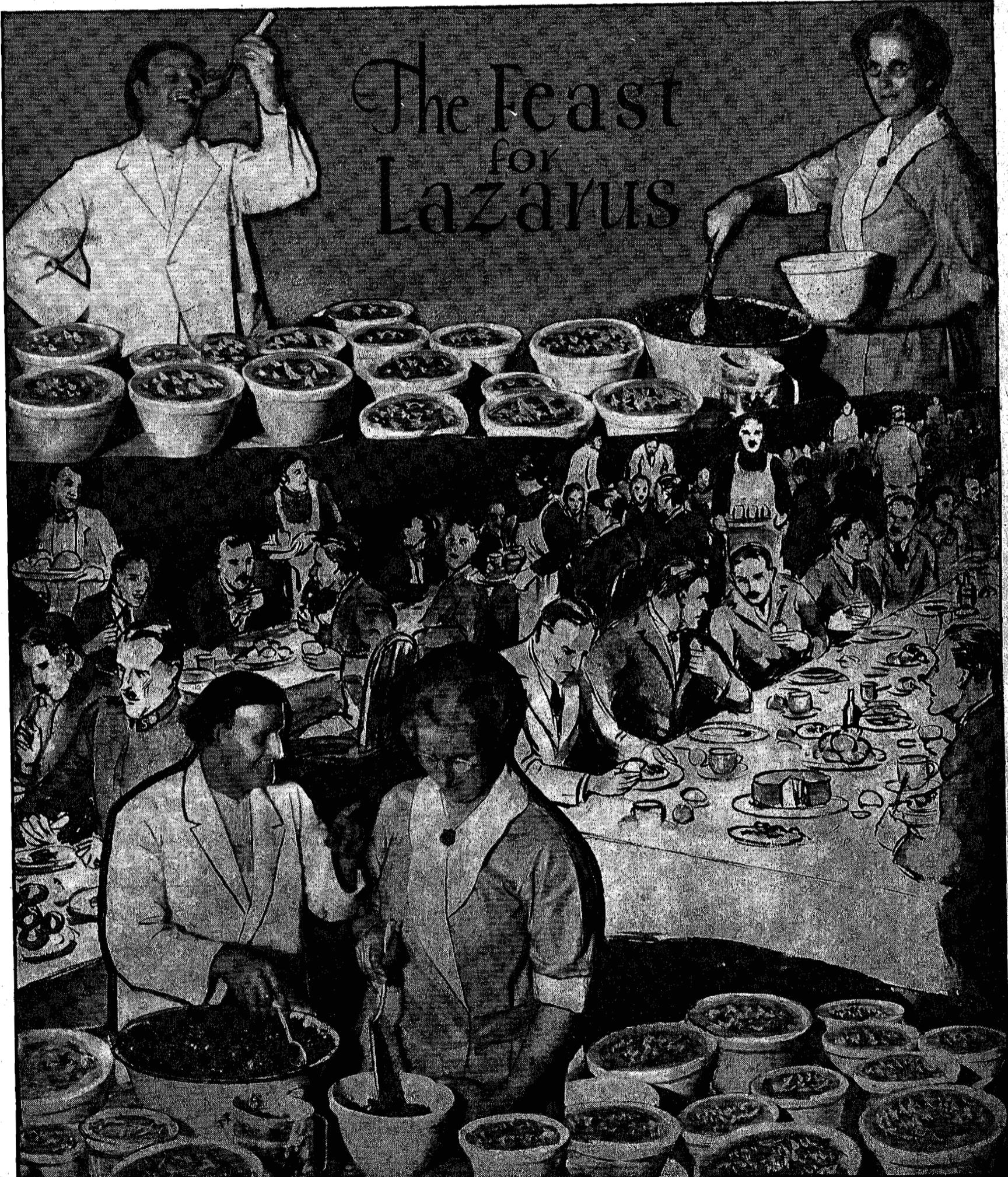
Edward J. Higgins
General

William Booth
Founder

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

No. 2416 Price Five Cents

TORONTO 2, JANUARY 10, 1931



FIVE HUNDRED HOMELESS MEN ENJOYED A FREE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE ARMY'S HOSTELS IN TORONTO

(See page 8)



No. 9—A Discordant Note

INNUMERABLE attempts have been made to do away with the fact of sin. It has been treated as an imaginary disorder, easily rectified by a harmonizing of thought with nature. Some have considered it the product of custom, being based upon the violation of traditional and superficial institutions that change from age to age.

The very fact, however, that man has always exhibited such an awareness of sin as to force him to either explain it away, or seek some form of salvation, points to its existence. It is the discordant note in the harmony of the universe. In every age men have rebelled against those divine guidings that make for ultimate good. Truly it may be said that "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way."

The presence of sin in the individual life is evidenced by experience. The spirit of selfishness and rebellion against authority becomes manifest at an early age in children, and is a force instinct with most terrible possibilities. The scriptures are fully in accordance with this empirical evidence: "Behold," cried the Psalmist, "I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Sinful acts are the fruit of a sinful nature.

The Salvation Army Handbook of Doctrine describes sin as a "willing departure from the right. This is shown," it continues, "by the meaning (in the original language) of 'iniquity,' 'transgression,' 'sin'—words commonly used in the Bible for this great evil."

"Iniquity" means a turning aside from the straight path, the same idea as that conveyed by the words "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isaiah 53:6).

"Transgression" means a falling away from God, and therefore the breaking of His commandments.

"Sin" means a missing or coming short of one's duty, a failure to attain the right standard, as when Paul says "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23).

If the power of sin is not broken in a life, it gathers strength with the passage of years, even though its more terrible manifestations are repressed by fear or circumstance. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he," is a startling principle, that reaches to the very root of all action and behavior, placing motive as the worth-determining factor.

(Continued at foot column 4)

MEN WITH LIGHTED LAMPS

INEVITABLY REVEAL THE SQUALOR OF SQUALID THINGS

WHEN we come into the light of the Lord's presence our secret sins leap into view, just as motes are seen in the sunbeam, and just as faded patches and rents are exposed in the broad light of the fuller day. And if a man comes from God, bearing with him something of this same eternal light, if he comes as a lamp, we must expect that the squalor and the deformity of his day will become visible before him.

That is ever true, true of the far-off prophet Elijah. If you want to see the sin and the perversity and the squalor of that far-off day, stand near the man who has got the lamp. It is the same with the prophet Amos. If you want to see the rotteness of the gilded ceremonial religion of his day, and the injustices, and the perverted relationships of man to man, stand near the herdsman who has got the lamp. It is true of John the Baptist. If you want to see the sin of the times in which our Lord was born, stand near the man who has got the lamp. If you stand near Savonarola you see the iniquities of Florence. If you stand near William Booth, you will see the miseries and the deformities and the crookednesses of the submerged tenth. Until General Booth appeared we had never really seen them. "Darkest England and the way

out" was our Founder's lighted lamp. "The people who sat in darkness saw a great light." That is ever characteristic of prophecy. It reveals the squalor in the squalid place. It unveils it for the purpose of removing it. It reveals the darkness and corruption of the city by bringing into view a vision of the New Jerusalem, the city come down out of Heaven from God.—Dr. J. H. Jewett, D.D.

CATHEDRAL INSCRIPTION

In the Cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, is the following inscription: "Thus speaketh Christ our Lord, to us:

'Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
'Ye call me Light, and seek me not;
'Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
'Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
'Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
'Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
'Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
'Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
'Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
'Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
'Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
'Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
'If I condemn you, blame me not.'

WHY SHOULD MORTALS WONDER?

If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over
A continent or sea;
If the petalled white notes
Of a violin
Are blown across a mountain
Or a city's din;
If songs like crimson roses
Are oulled from thin blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?

THE FAMILY ALTAR

Sunday, Jan. 11th, John 4: 15-30
"TRUE WORSHIPPERS SHALL WORSHIP THE FATHER IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH."—"For the Father seeketh such to worship Him." Only the worship of sincere and obedient hearts can please the Great Spirit of Love and Truth.

Song Book—No. 175.

Monday, Jan. 12th, John 4:31-42
"MY MEAT IS TO DO THE WILL OF HIM THAT SENT ME."—The Saviour was no longer tired and hungry. He had found spiritual rest and refreshment in doing His Father's will and work. Physical needs were forgotten in the joy of bringing a wanderer back to the Father.

Song Book—No. 448.

Tuesday, Jan. 13th, John 4:48-54
"SIR, COME DOWN ERE MY CHILD DIE."—Those really in earnest are not easily daunted. This nobleman was not only in earnest; he had also a firm conviction that Jesus was able to heal his son. His zeal and faith combined brought the desired blessing.

Song Book—No. 533.

Wednesday, Jan. 14th, John 5:1-16
"WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE? . . . RISE, TAKN UP THY BED AND WALK."—No matter how great our need of spiritual health, the Healer of souls will not bestow this gift unasked. We must will to be whole, commit our ease into His hands, and evidence faith in Him by attempting the seemingly impossible.

Song Book—No. 573.

Thursday, Jan. 15th, John 5:17-29
"VERILY, VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU, FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE."—This verse is one of several which Luther termed "little Bibles," because each contains the whole Gospel. In to-day's portion Jesus claims to be two things—Life-Giver and Judge.

Song Book—No. 624.

Friday, Jan. 16th, John 5:30-47
"MOSES . . . WROTH OF ME."—Moses told the Israelites that God would some day raise up a Prophet like himself (Deut. 18:15). Though they knew this Scripture, the Jews interpreted it in their own way and would not receive the Saviour's teaching about Himself.

Song Book—No. 858.

Saturday, Jan. 17th, John 6:1-14
"THIS HE SAID TO PROVE HIM."—The Saviour still sometimes places us in a perplexing situation for the express purpose of testing our faith and our reliance on Him.

Song Book—No. 864.

Right motive is the result of a right spirit dominating one's life; such a spirit is not consonant with that of sin. It can only come with a new birth, a spiritual birth, a bringing of man into living contact with God.—C.D.W.

Next week: A Hopeful Note.

"LET US LAY ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT AND THE SIN THAT DOETH SO EASILY BESET US"



SWEEP ASIDE THE THINGS BETWEEN YOU AND GOD AND YOU WILL FIND LIFE

A living writer tells of a scene in his boyhood. His old mother, one of the most charming characters imaginable, places a stick in each of his hands, and says:

"Juist for th' noo these are th' han'les o' a ploogh. Keep yer een shut tight. Ye've seen a maan plooghin' a field?"
"Aye."

"Think that ye see a lang, lang field. Ye're plooghin' it. Th' ither end is so far awa ye canna see 't. Ye see a wee bit o' th' furrow; juist a wee bit. Squeeze th' ploogh han'les."

I squeezed. . . . She took the sticks away and gently pushed me on a stool, and told me I might open my eyes.

"That's quare," I said.

"Listen, dear, ye've pit yer ha' t' th' ploogh; ye must niver, niver tak' it away. A' through life ye'll haave thim ploogh han'les i' yer han's, and ye'll be goin' doon th' furrow. Ye'll crack a stane here an' there, th' ploogh'll stick, mebbe, often, an' things'll be oot o' gear, plooghin', plooghin'! . . . Ye're God's plooghmaan."

January 10, 1931

By Ensign
Herbert Wood

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THE WAR CRY

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"The next moment he felt the cold steel of a pair of handcuffs grip his wrists." Sounds like a detective story. Well, read for yourselves about

MAJUBA, THE RICKSHA BOY

Who left his Kraal to "try his wings"—and came a cropper

scrub, the whole gilded by the rays of the early morning sun.

"Good-bye!" and Majuba was off, leaping like a springbok down the rocky path that led over the hills to the station. Silhouetted on the brow of a distant hill, he could see the form of his chum, Amati, who was awaiting to accompany him to the distant city. His old father watched him under his shaded hand, until he was out of sight, then turned and entered his hut, shaking his head sadly the while. Ah, Usibebu, if you had known what sin and sorrow awaited your son, your anguish of soul would have been greatly increased!

In the city at last, Majuba and his companion were terrified and thrilled by the sights they saw. The clanging trams, the whirring motors, the clattering lorries, the brilliant shop windows; it all filled them with a sort of a fearful joy. This was indeed the life! Then the hurrying, jostling, jabbering hordes of humanity. The Kaffirs, the Europeans, the Indians; the latter with their gaudy robes and jewelled noses.

Veritable Apparition

But what thrilled our two lads more than all else was the sight of the ricksha boys! They nearly screamed with joy when they saw the first one. It was right outside the station, as they stood clinging to one another in hopeless bewilderment. Suddenly, a veritable apparition drifted into their view. A magnificently-built Zulu, literally smothered in fur, horns and feathers! Oh, how gorgeous he was! Our two country cousins drew a deep breath. His shirt was richly embroidered with bead work, his bare legs tastefully picked out in white paint.

And his antics! He was gliding along so easily, yet every now and then he would leap high into the air, balancing himself cleverly on the shafts of the light vehicle he was pulling, the occupants of which, two little children, appeared to be thoroughly enjoying their novel experience.

"My," ejaculated Majuba, when the vision had passed, "I'm going to be a ricksha boy as soon as I can. It must be great to be able to parade around all day dressed up in full war paint!" "Me, too!" said Amati. So, their future career settled, in their own mind, they set off trying to find a place to stay.

All too soon our young heroes lost their awe for the sights and sounds of the city. They soon landed jobs as ricksha pullers, but the novelty of this soon palled on them. Living in a compound, as they did, in close contact with a thousand other natives, many of whom were familiar with all sorts of vice, it is little wonder that our two greenhorns should

soon become corrupted. They were rapidly initiated into the mysteries of smoking "dagga," a vile opium-like weed, and soon learned to imbibe that foul concoction, "shimiyam," and were surrounded by a hundred and one other vices common to the city native. All too soon poor Majuba learned to dread the sight of the blue uniform, bare legs and pillbox of the native police, and to dread the feel of the nasty knobkerries they carried.

He completely forgot his old father's warnings, and his advice to look up the native Corps. He was out to have his fling, and he had it! Of course, there were boys in the camp who desired to live good lives,

dazzled his eyes. He heard a gruff exclamation and next moment felt the cold steel of a pair of handcuffs grip his wrists.

Majuba sat with a horde of prisoners of similar hue to himself in a great courtyard, looking the picture of misery. A month's hard labor—a lenient sentence in view of his youth and the fact that he had been merely an accomplice — had given Majuba ample time to think over his brief career of crime. If ever a lad experienced the pangs of remorse, it was Majuba. What a hopeless mess he had made of his life! He thought wistfully of his home, of the old days,



They were thrilled by the sight of the magnificently-dressed ricksha boys

but they were sadly in the minority, and they made no appeal to Majuba, who liked the "sporty" lads and soon became known as one of the most reckless in the compound.

His downfall came swiftly. He fell in with a villainous-looking Basuto, who played on the country lad's feelings and used him as a cat's-paw. Arousing his avarice by stories of fabulous wealth to be had by following his lead, he got him to promise to accompany him on a nefarious expedition. One dark night, he led his tool to a dark alleyway which led to the main street. Scaling a fence, they succeeded in reaching the roof of a back room from which it was possible to obtain entrance into a jeweller's shop by means of a second story window. Cunningly, the robber got Majuba to slip in, telling him to quickly fill his pockets with such valuables as he could find, while he waited outside. The easily-led country lad did as he was bid, and, after making a good haul, returned quietly to the window and softly called the name of his mate. There was no reply, instead a blinding flash of light

of his kind old father and the promises he had made to him. Truly, Majuba's cup of woe was full.

He and the other prisoners were squatting on three sides of the courtyard; why, Majuba hadn't the faintest idea. He had been ordered to march there in company with the others.

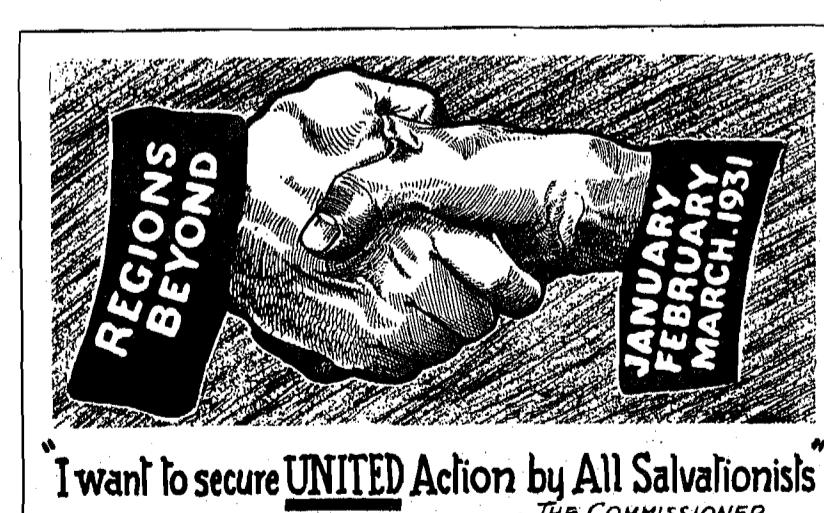
Suddenly a tall figure in a vaguely-familiar blue uniform came in, and taking his stand in the centre of the square, lined out a song in Majuba's own Zulu tongue. Why, it was the "Impi yo Sindiso," the good old Army, and for the first time since his arrest, Majuba began to perk up and take a little interest in life.

A Contrite Heart

As the old, old Story was unfolded by the earnest Officer, Majuba's tears flowed freely. How true the words of Holy Writ that "the Lord is nigh to them that are of a contrite heart." Majuba was in just the state of soul where the Spirit's pleadings were felt with full force, and he silently lifted his heart to God in deep contrition, obtaining there and then a new heart.

He was surprised and delighted when the Officer afterwards sought him out and grasped him by the hand. Old Usibebu had got word of his son's plight and had informed the Officer in the town, who had promised to have a word with Majuba when conducting the usual Sunday meeting at the Jail.

Majuba still lives in the compound, but no longer do the vices or enticements of the evilly-inclined make any appeal to him. Nor does he glad about town with a reckless bunch of young "bloods." No, Majuba's ambitions and desires have been changed. Now, resplendent in his Band uniform, he makes his way to the little native Hall, his cornet under his arm, and there helps by music and word of testimony, to sound out the warning to the crowds of natives who throng the Open-air, and who gather inside the Hall.



FAREWELLING MESSAGES

Delivered by Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Henry at their Home Corps

"Be it e'er sae humble, there's nae place like hame!" Not in so many words did Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Henry state their views with regard to leaving North Toronto, their home Corps, but certainly by inference. Since coming to the Territory the Commissioner and Mrs. Henry have worshipped, when the "exigencies of the War" permitted, at North Toronto, and have shown by word and example a gracious interest in the welfare of the Corps, where their son, Bandsman Douglas, is an active Soldier.

A fine assembly was on hand on Sunday night, December 28th, to bid au revoir to Canada West's new leaders, and to hear their farewell messages, which were not among the least of the "good fare" provided in this friendly gathering.

Brigadier and Mrs. Ritchie were in attendance, and in addition to the tender duet rendered, both spoke warmly of their association with Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Henry.

Adopting Paul's sound advice to Timothy—"Hold Fast"—Mrs. Henry drew many forceful and convincing lessons.

The Commissioner likewise borrowed his theme from Paul—"I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching

OUR LONDON OUTLOOK



International Headquarters,
December 10, 1930.
FOG!

Until last week we were congratulating ourselves upon missing London's annual fog-period, but since then our congratulations have become commiserations. As I write weary pilgrims are arriving at Territorial Headquarters to commence a day's work after periods of from an hour to over two hours in fog-bound trains, or on cold railway platforms. Yesterday a fog so erratic that some of our wives at home could bask in wintry sunshine in the bedrooms while the lower windows of the house were enveloped in impenetrable "wool" and which left some central areas comparatively clear while outlying districts were as dark as night, dislocated much of the work of the city and Headquarters was not unaffected. But we smile on. The

possible prices (the soup is free) is a double mercy as it saves impoverished housewives the cost of cooking fires as well as providing hot and nourishing meals for the whole family.

PITIFUL TALES

Similar efforts are being made by the Slum Department. Soup distribution is now in full swing at many centres and some pitiful tales of hardship are being discovered.

Think of the unhappy lot of a man who for three years has lain ill, (says the International "War Cry" in a review of the work). His wife has tramped miles and miles about London looking for work. She is a clean and tidy woman, whose one joy in life has been her husband and her little thirteen-year-old daughter.

For one room she is paying about seven shillings a week, and this out of the unemployment insurance!

A few days ago this woman obtained two mornings' work. For this she was paid four shillings and sixpence, out of which she was obliged to pay two shillings in fares because she was herself too ill to walk across London to her work.

Little Betty is six years old and a cripple through infantile paralysis. She cannot walk to school or enjoy normal play-time because she has not got a proper "leg-iron and boot."

Her father is a casual workman who rarely manages to earn a full week's pay. Even then it amounts only to about £2 for work which takes him from home at 5.30 a.m. and lands him back, tired and hungry, at 8.30 p.m.

Yet God is on the scene. The Slum Officers gained entry to the "home"—one small, dingy room of which a double-bed occupies one-half (think of it!), and for which a charge of four shillings per week is made. They talked to the mother and she became converted. Now they are helping with food.

YOUR NEW CHIEF SECRETARY

Ask Colonel Dalziel to tell you the story of the man whom he led to the Penitent-form in the General's meeting at Wimbleton last Sunday, and of the completion of the family circle which it accomplished. Your new Chief Secretary was as usual, quietly but intently interested in the Prayer meeting, but he nevertheless found time to whisper that everything he did and thought was colored by thoughts of Canada. The details of his welcome tour are deeply imprinted on his mind, and he will be glad indeed now to get at the job. He has had much advice. A railway journey from Wales last week was used by Commissioner Sowton and Colonel Pugmire to impart to the Colonel the fruit of rich experience acquired by these comrades in the course of Canadian battles of which both his tutors have vivid memories.

DISHOUSED BUT SURVIVING

The interior of the Clapton Congress Hall is now changed almost beyond recognition and there are whispers of a grand opening ceremony and dedication early in the new year. One of the most encouraging features of this transition period is the way in which the attendance at the weekly Holiness meetings has been maintained in spite of their removal to the Temple, a building behind the Congress Hall. Congregations have a way of resenting removal to a new building, but

A SPIRITUAL WARMING

Colonel Morehen Campaigns in Prince Edward Island

Colonel Morehen, Territorial Spiritual Special, conducted two special night meetings recently at Charlottetown. This visit was warmly appreciated by the Soldiers and friends of the Provincial Capital. A splendid crowd of hungry-hearted people attended the first night's meeting and found the inspiration a great soul-help. A much larger crowd came out to the second meeting, including a full Band, and all who came were spiritually warmed and blessed.

The Colonel's addresses were appropriate and effective and a deep impression was made on newcomers who now attend the meetings regularly.—A.W.M.

apparently the love of the doctrine has overcome this disinclination.

ANOTHER MEMORABLE YEAR

The New Year will have dawned before these notes get into print, so, on behalf of all British Territory Salvationists, I send greetings to Canadian comrades. We have had another memorable year, and once again, with our comrades everywhere, we link up to meet the coming days with a firm belief that nothing will hamper us in the accomplishment of our tasks.

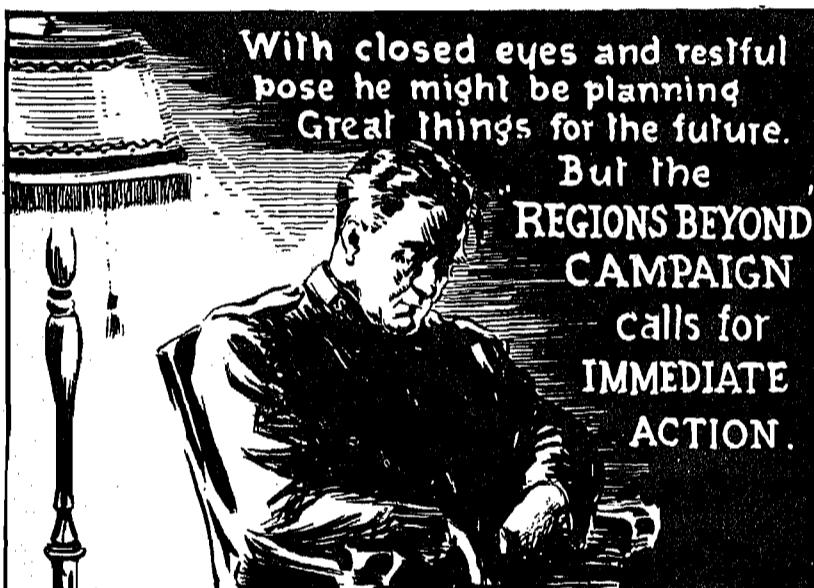
'WARE "TOLERANCE"

There is amongst Salvationists in all parts of the Old Country a growing conviction that the sincerity of the Organization, both in teaching and conduct, must be guarded more and more jealously. The "tolerance" that characterizes modern thought and which makes itself evident in a gradual lowering of yesterday's standards of morality and decorum is a subtle danger. "Ten years ago," writes a dramatic critic in a recent morning paper, "this play would have been daring. To-day it is boring." Schoolgirls now read books that would have been cast out as unclean a generation ago. Our newspapers, which have in the past maintained a high standard in matters of delicacy, now boldly print advertisements and discuss topics which would formerly have shocked the editors had they been offered for publication. All this must have its effect upon the minds of our people. Distinctions become blurred and concessions are subtly insinuated and made unconsciously. This will pass, of course, like all other phases of thought, but meanwhile The Army in England has amongst its most important and most difficult tasks for the New Year that of living in intimate contact with the man in the street without unconsciously adopting his easy-going tolerance that so soon becomes license. How goes it in Canada?

ASHAMED OF HER COAT

One of the most moving of appeals recently made by the indefatigable National Slum Secretary is for uniforms for the Salvationists in the Welsh valleys. I saw her upon her return from a prolonged examination of conditions in the valleys, and she declared with deep feeling that she was ashamed of her own good coat as she stood in the Open-air with comrades in patched and threadbare garments, their faces pinched and forms shivering in the bitter winds, but their eyes glowing and their lips uttering fervent praises to God. Most sorry was she for the converts and especially the young people, who, having in their hearts a desire to bear witness by wearing an Army bonnet and guernsey, have no prospect of securing them. When we have produced in The Army our wealthy Salvationists—if that term is not a contradiction in itself!—we may record the donating of hundreds of bonnets and guernseys to poor comrades.

—THE SALVATION LONDONER.



forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

In the hallowed moments of the Prayer-meeting, a backslider farewelled from sin.

NOTABLE EVENTS

WEST TORONTO (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)—Blessing has followed upon blessing in rich measure at this Corps in recent weeks and the notable events have been so varied as to make anything like a detailed report impracticable. Contributing in liberal measure to the progress made various Staff Officers have led campaigns and helped and blessed many. Major and Mrs. Spooner, Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, accompanied by Adjutant and Mrs. Green, and Colonel Adby have all figured prominently, and in each case there have been desires for an early return visit. Attendances have been very good, both Senior and Young People's demonstrations occasioned packed houses, the latter put on by the Primary Department being quite unique in its significance. Spiritual influences have been experienced in rich measure, and God has been glorified throughout.

Last week-end was in the hands of the Young People's workers, under Sergeant-Major Rogers, and was assuredly outstanding in a host of ways. To God be all the glory!

most cheery Salvationist fog-defiers to call here during the week-end was the Young People's Singing Company from Camborne, in Cornwall. These capable little vocalists of between the ages of eight and fourteen, were eighteen hours on the 300-mile road journey to London. They retained their song through it all and rewarded the enterprise of the Leytonstone Corps Officers in inviting them to travel the Metropolis by rendering ambitious programs with much distinction. Such items as "The Hallelujah Chorus" and "Comrades in Arms" were rendered with spirited abandon and astonishing responsiveness to the volatile leader. The children were given two days holiday from school in order to make this visit. What a pity they cannot take a week-end trip to Toronto!

THE ARMY RINGS THE DINNER BELL

Wintery hardships among the poor are a challenge to The Army and it has this year been taken up by the Men's Social Wing with a small fleet of Hot Food Vans. In London, Manchester and Glasgow these galleons of mercy sail forth laden with hundreds of gallons of soup, bins of hot potatoes, beans, peas, "savory duck," "spotted dog," and other mysteriously-named delicacies beloved of the poor. Their arrival is the signal for a joyous exodus from the houses, and very soon the vans are emptied. The provision of this hot food at lowest

WARMING Campaigns in Iceland

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SPREADING SALVATION NEWS THROUGH EVERY LAND

EVEN KITCHEN PACKED All Classes Attracted to The Army in Finland

When Colonel Westergaard, Territorial Commander for Finland, visited Nystad just recently, not only the Hall but the kitchen adjoining was packed with people. Amongst the congregation was the Director of "Store Nordiske Telegrafsekskab," the world-renowned Danish Society. This gentleman said he had worked in the Society's Office at Seydisfjord (Iceland) for seven years, and his expression of appreciation of the work done by our Officers there was most moving.

At Pargas, the latest opening in Finland, a meeting was held in a special Hall lent free of charge. After the meeting finished a member of the congregation stood up and thanked the Territorial Commander for sending The Salvation Army to the place.

At Abo III, the Hall was packed and the congregation consisted of several different classes of people. A school inspector sat on the steps which lead up to the platform, the director of a large factory had found a little corner where he had a chair lent from the Quarters; business men, people of the working class, young and old, mingled together. It was a very interesting meeting and resulted in six souls for Salvation.

The Chief Secretary and other leading Officers also report they have had very successful meetings of late, and it is felt that our comrades in Finland are moving onwards towards a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

THE "FEBE" AT HEEG Campaigning by Salvation Motor- Boat in Holland

The motor boat "Febe" is on its second tour and great interest is being shown and the spiritual results are very gratifying.

Recently the boat visited Heeg in Friesland, the village where Lieut.-Commissioner Vlas, the Territorial Commander, was born. The Captain of the boat organized a meeting in the village church in which the Commissioner spoke. A long row of cars and vans brought visitors from neighboring places who, together with the proud villagers of Heeg, filled the church to the utmost so that the doors of the main entrance could not be closed. The pastor of the village introduced the Commissioner, and the pastor of another village thanked The Army leader for his interesting talk. This pastor said he was a faithful reader of the "Strijdkeet" ("War Cry") and the more he read it, the more he got to love The Army. He advised the congregation to become readers of the "Strijdkeet" and also asked for a thank-offering for blessings received that night.

DESPITE THE DISTURBERS Good Work Being Done in Latvia

There is an increasing interest in the work of The Army in the important City of Liepaja. The Hall is crowded night after night, and although there are some disturbers, good work is being done. A large outside hall has been taken for recent Sunday nights, and in another part of the city a hall is being rented for an Outpost. Souls are being converted and Soldiers made.

DANISH DELIVERANCES

Officer's Sacrificial Spirit Impresses Populace—"The War Cry" Again—Salvationist Couple's Enterprise Starts Corps

FIVE new Outposts in the Bornholm Division, a new Corps in the Sealand Division, and one in Mid-Jutland, are among the latest advances reported from Denmark, the Territory commanded by Colonel David Wickberg.

Apart from these new fighting units come encouraging accounts of soul-saving victories in other parts of the Territory. In the North Jutland Division a wonderful awakening is in progress. The spirit of the Officers has greatly impressed the people of the districts in which they work. One Officer, finding a family in distressing circumstances, undertook to entertain the three children at her Quarters during the three weeks it was expected that their mother would be unable to care for them. The three weeks lengthened into eight weeks, extending over the period of the Officer's furlough. She gladly sacrificed her holidays in order to be able to help these poor people. Townspeople were highly appreciative of this kindly consideration.

The following story began in connection with an Army Flower Day for which local gentlemen were asked to take some responsibility.

A man who was approached in this way in the Sealand Division was so impressed by reading the pamphlet issued in that connection that he

have formed themselves into a national union for the support of these endeavors, by raising money by regular weekly subscriptions, or generous once-for-all donations for the purpose of providing new Institutions for receiving and aiding ex-prisoners.

A newly-opened Outpost in the Sealand Division was the outcome of the devotion of a Corps Sergeant-Major and his wife, who commenced to hold children's meetings in the village in which they live. When the Company attendances reached fifty, it became necessary to hold gatherings for adults who began to show signs of eagerness to attend. The new Corps is the result of this development.

MEETING A REAL NEED

The Army's relief work in Wellington, Auckland, Christchurch and Dunedin has met a very real need and is much appreciated by civic and government officials, as well as by the men themselves. During the past four months 82,008 meals and 33,398 beds have been supplied, government and city grants and donations from charitably disposed people making this possible.

During the Dutch Fleet's visit to New Zealand, Mrs. Commissioner

A LINE FROM CHINA

Adjutant Eacott Writes Home
From the Mid-Shansi Region

Here are one or two extracts from a letter received by the Editor from Adjutant Clinton Eacott, of China, one of our Canada East missionaries:

"We have eight Corps in this region (mid-Shansi) and I am on the road a great deal. Three of the Corps are in this city and Mrs. Eacott takes a special interest in these. Besides Chinese Officers at each Corps, we have a native woman Captain to assist with the women and children's work. As Christmas approaches we shall be happily busy."

"During the year we have been here things have been fairly peaceful and the work has been steadily advancing; over eighty new Soldiers, Recruits and Adherents have been added. This is far from the stride we hoped to make and we ask for the prayers of our comrades that the New Year may witness greater things."

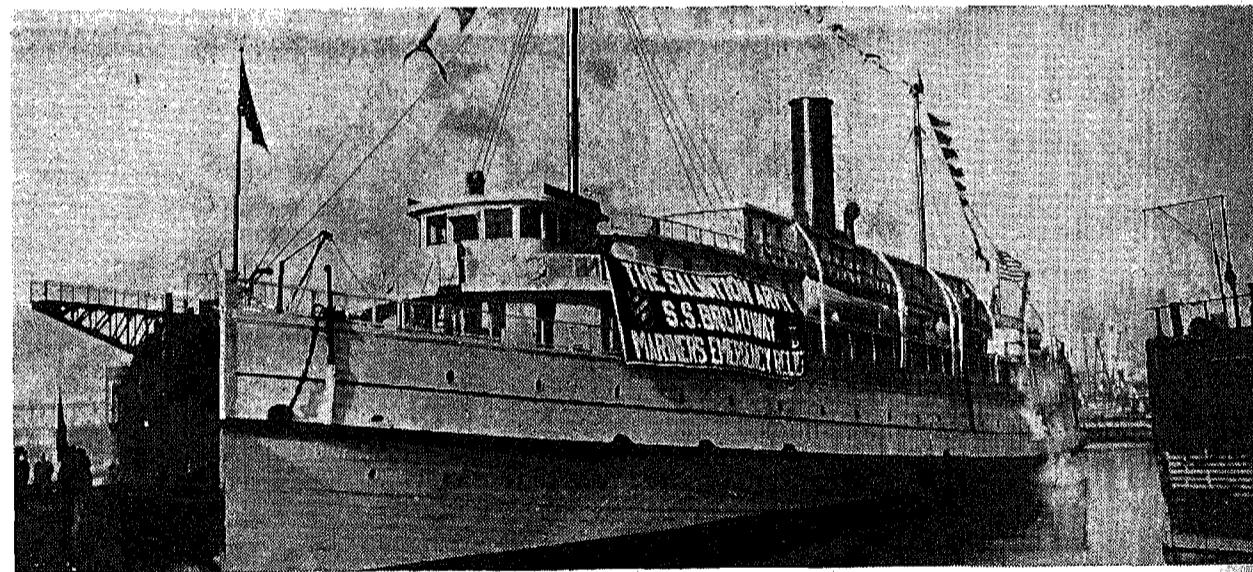
"We were very stimulated by 'War Cry' reports of the A.O.V.T. Campaign. A splash like that sends ripples to the edge of Army activities!"

"We wish all 'War Cry' readers a most successful New Year."

THE ARMY'S NAVY

Another Boat for Soul-Saving

Latest plans for the seeking of souls in Sweden include the launching of an Army Boat, which is to be



The S.S. "Broadway," a houseboat which The Army has had placed at its disposal in New York, and which is to be fitted up as a floating relief station for longshoremen or stranded sailors, having accommodation for 1,000

later bought a copy of "The War Cry." The message he found there so stirred him that he decided to visit the Corps nearest his home. There, after one or two visits, he publicly consecrated himself to the service of God. Now he is anticipating getting into full Salvation Army uniform. He has been enrolled as a Recruit and hopes shortly to become a Soldier.

At the Copenhagen Temple the swearing-in of twenty new Soldiers is the most recent sign of progress in the Corps. Nine new Soldiers in the Bornholm District, which is considered to be extremely hard ground, have greatly encouraged the comrades. For the advancement of The Army's Prison Work in the country, a number of influential gentlemen

Cunningham had the pleasure of meeting two members of the Naval and Military League on board the "Java." Needless to say, these comrades were delighted, especially as Mrs. Cunningham could speak to them in their own language.

THE LARGEST YET

New Halls in Sweden

Two new Halls have been opened for Corps use, one at Sundsvall and the other at Stockholm VII. When the six-story building in which the Stockholm VII Hall is located was opened, many prominent people were present. They included the Minister of Finance, the Governor-General, and the Rector of the Parish, who each

commanded by an Officer, who from boyhood has been a seafarer, while advances already made during the last few weeks include the opening of a large new Men's Social Institution at Norrkoping, which has been much appreciated by the people of the town.

A SPLENDID STAND

Sir John Reith, Director General of the British Broadcasting Corporation, in defending the nature of the Sunday programs regularly broadcast, has stated that England is a Christian country in which there is no intention to secularize the Sabbath.

gave addresses. The building is the largest The Army has yet erected in the Territory.

A KISS—AND A CUP OF TEA

THE VISITOR NOTICED THE KNIFE JUST TOO LATE....
"I'M GOING TO DIE NOW....
WHY SHOULDN'T WE DIE TOGETHER?"

THREE is a hospital matron somewhere in England to-day, who owes her life as well as her position to an Army Officer in the Slums. They live their busy lives far removed from each other; the one in dignity and power, with the hush of the wards about her, the other in strenuous responsibility at a post surprisingly placed within sight and sound of the most famous sea-front in the British Isles. But once they met and strove together on the very brink of death.

The place of their meeting was a dark and dirty room. The Officer had been summoned thither by a half-intoxicated woman who had run screaming to her Quarters with word that her lodger was going to commit suicide and was threatening to kill anyone who interfered with her. It being part of the Slum Officer's ordinary round to prevent suicide and murder, she put on her hat and hurried through the rain to the address given. The door, at the top of a bare, rickety stair was locked, but there was a scurrying behind it when she tapped, and then silence. She tapped again.

In Genuine Danger

"Who is it?" asked a woman's voice.

"Only me," said the Slum Officer. Tactful, perhaps, but hardly more informative than grammatical. The occupant of the room, in very unpleasant tones indeed, demanded to know more.

"It's The Salvation Army," vouchsafed the Officer—who says, to-day, that she was frightened and could not think of any less comprehensive way of describing herself.

At once the door opened. "If it's The Army you can come in," said the voice, but with no kinder accent. And its owner, as soon as the Officer had crossed the threshold, darted from an unseen lurking-place and turned the key in the lock beside her. "Now, what's your business," she shouted.

It was clear to the Officer that she was in genuine danger. The woman had been drinking heavily and was more than half demented, but she was still able to think quickly. The direct method was the only safe way of dealing with her, so the truth was told without dissembling. "I called to see you because I heard that you were going to kill yourself," said the Officer.

"I'm Going to Die Now!"

The woman came forward to the table. There were some scraps of food upon it and a long, thin-bladed knife, like those deftly wielded by the proprietors of ham-and-beef shops. The visitor noticed the knife just too late; the woman's grip had already closed upon the handle. "That's right," she said, dropping her voice for the first time. "I'm going to die now. I've had more than enough of life, and this is going to be the end of it. Why shouldn't you die, too? Why shouldn't we die together?"

Not by so much as a shake in her voice did the Officer betray the alarm she felt. She knew that she must keep her self-control and play for time. "Well," she said, as if weighing the proposal, "if I had to die tonight I should at least be ready for it. What about you? Are you quite sure you are ready also?"

It was a queer setting for a confessional. The traffic of the Tower Bridge rattled on its way at the distance of a street or two; the sounds and smells of the slums drifted sluggishly into the room on a tide of



stale, damp air.

A questioning look crept into the woman's sullen face. The Officer saw it and was quick to press the advantage. "Couldn't we pray?" she asked. "It wouldn't be nice to die without trying to say a prayer would it?" And praying already in silence she went upon her knees by the table. The other, after a few seconds of hesitation, knelt beside her. The knife was still clasped in her right hand, and the Officer's left hand, falling softly but strongly upon her wrist, held it fast. So they prayed and stranger prayer was never offered... In a flood of simple words the wonder of an understanding Christ was told to a soul in torment. She, who forty years had carried her secrets in her own heart, for shame of sharing them and want of a friend to share them with, heard how already they were known and sorrowed over. Her grasp of the knife-handle

relaxed, and the weapon fell to the floor. The Slum Officer knew that victory was in sight.

When they arose, her arm was about the woman's waist and tears were upon their faces. Ten minutes earlier one of them had contemplated murder and suicide; now she sank back in a chair, shaking but sober, and the woman she would have killed bent over her and kissed her.

A kiss—and a cup of tea! The one to warm the heart; the other to stop the shivering of a body in the throes of a violent reaction. The two in combination to draw out as sad a story as well could be imagined.

The woman was of good birth and education. She had trained as a nurse and had risen to the rank of a sister in a London Hospital. Then, as the consequence of an unfortunate companionship, she had developed a craving for whiskey.

She assented to the Officer's proposition that she should enter one of The Army's Homes for inebriates, and out of that home, in due course, there came a re-created being. Means were eventually found by which she was able to return to her former profession, and more than that to succeed in it.

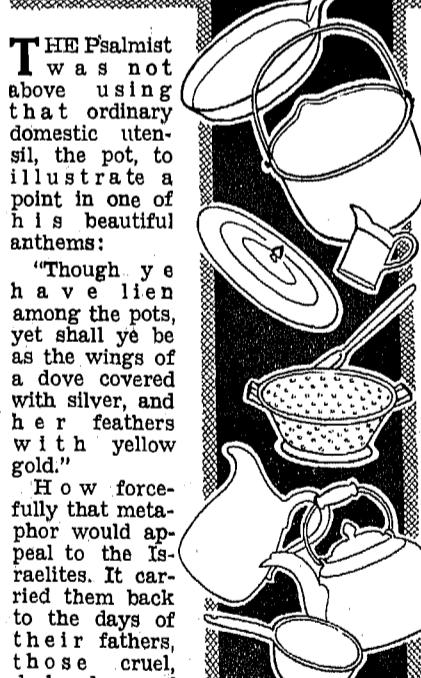
From "God in the Slums," this season's "Best Seller" in England, obtainable at the Trade Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto; price, in cloth, 78 cents; in paper, 45 cents, including postage.

SAVE WORK AND WORRY

It is a good idea to have a small tablet, or child's slate, tacked in some convenient place on which to jot down articles needed from grocer or butcher, as it saves delay and confusion when ordering, and prevents some badly-needed articles from being forgotten.

HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS MENTIONED IN SCRIPTURE—THE POT

Call not thou common!



THE Psalmist was not above using that ordinary domestic utensil, the pot, to illustrate a point in one of his beautiful anthems:

"Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

How forcefully that metaphor would appeal to the Israelites. It carried them back to the days of their fathers, those cruel, dark days of Egyptian bondage, when many among them were common scullions, making their bed among the pots on the hearth-stones of the kitchen.

In other words the Psalmist minded them:

"Though ye have endured great hardships in Egypt, and have been in an afflicted, contemptible condition, ye shall emerge as His glorious people, and all nations shall call you blessed."

But "call not thou common" the lowly pot! While there are references in the Scripture which certainly do not flatter the vessel, it comes into its own in other regards.

No one will deny the exalted place the pot holds in the kitchen. Ask the Housewife her opinion. Her spontaneous exclamation would be "Positively indispensable!"

Gideon's offering to the Lord would have been incomplete had there been no pot in which to cook his broth.

The pot that contained the oil which Elisha increased so miraculously for the wife of the prophet, doubtless became a sacred heirloom in that family.

True, the "seething pot" with the face thereof toward the North, which Jeremiah envisioned, was a foreteller of the destruction which the "kingdoms of the north" should wreak upon the land, but what would the priests of Israel have thought had Huram been unable to provide them with pots for the Temple worship, or for the venerated manna—sacred remembrance of wilderness days?

Yes, even the insignificant pot shall be "holiness unto the Lord," sang Zechariah. The water-pots at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, testified to the power of the Son of Man.

Should God's humble followers consider it demeaning to be likened to such serviceable vessels? Surely not.

Take all Thy vessels, O glorious Finer,

Purge all the dross, that each chalice may be

Pure in thy pattern, completer, diviner,

Filled with Thy glory and shining for Thee.

—Mere Man.

The Home Hearth A PAGE FOR OUR SISTER-READERS

COFFEE—THE FRENCH WAY

Grind the coffee only at the last possible moment. Use water which has been boiled quickly. Do not fill the filter of the coffee pot too full. The coffee should not be too much sweetened. It should be drunk in little sips as hot as possible and allowed to be savored by the palate before being swallowed in "little satisfied mouthfuls."

COURAGE SISTER!

"The Best is yet to be."—
Browning.

To face the future with a courage strong,
And hopeful trust in Him
who rules above,
Who guides us with unerring
hand of love,
Through all our days, life's
winding way along—
Be this my choice: and, so,
amid the throng,
As step by step I daily
onward move,
(Good days behind, but better
yet to prove)
I lift my head, and sing a
happy song.

Here is my song "The best is
yet to be"—
Why need we doubt while
God is on the Throne,
And faith is soaring upward in
the sky?
The past is gone, yet still for
you and me
Ahead are better things than
ever we're known,
If we but on God's promises
rely.
J.G.

NATURE'S RESERVE FUN

OVER-WORK seldom results disastrously to a man or woman unless worry accompanies it.

A mere feeling of being tired is an indication that our fund of strength is exhausted. Indeed, there are times when a tired feeling is simply due to indifferent health or the "blues" and could be thrown aside by the effort of the will. A good deal of passes for the results of over-work is simply due to worry.

In the case of a person in good health, Nature will submit to a very great draught on the vital powers before giving her warning signals of fatigue.

It is a remarkable fact that, while a brain-worker has passed the ordinary bounds, and is drawing on the reserve force, he finds himself working with unusual ease and quickness and this is a dangerous sign. Indeed, if the work is persisted in, it means the breakdown of the machinery.

This applies, although to a lesser degree, to physical workers also. So should beware when, after a long spell of exhausting labor, the deceptive sense of ease and freshness makes its appearance.

THIS IS WAR

IN THE stupendous roar and awful blast of the final barrage that broke the Hindenburg Line, I saw only one thing, which grows radiantly before my eyes until it fills all the world—the sight of a Saxon boy half crushed under a shattered tank, moaning, "Mutter, mutter, mutter out of ghastly grey lips."

A British soldier wounded in the leg, and sitting near by, hears the words, and, dragging himself to the dying boy, takes his cold hand and says, "All right, son, it's all right. Mother's here with you!"—Hen Williamson.

e Hearth
OUR SISTER
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J.G.

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son, it's all right
with you!" Henry

Throwing myself upon my knees I



Receiving—

*A story showing that one reaps
more than one sows*

as Narrated to Brig Jas A Hawkins

THE STORY THUS FAR

The subject of our story, now living in Toronto, recalls her childhood days in Limehouse, a poor, working-class district of East London. Vividly she recalls the first occasion on which she met an Army procession and the impression she received at the first meeting she attended. Her father was a sea-faring man; her mother was dead, and her grandmother kept house for them. Her father was opposed to her attending The Army meetings, and she received a strapping when it was known she had been to "The Penny Gaff," where meetings were held.

Accompanied by two girl-chums she went again, and in this meeting gave her young heart to Jesus. Her father had now left for sea.

Soon after this she started to work in a factory, and though having to endure a measure of persecution, the heart of the young believer was full of joy.

Then one evening her father returned home and announced the fact that he had obtained a job ashore. She boldly asked him whether he objected to her attending The Army meetings, and was told that if she persisted in going he would thrash her.

Her grandmother, however, was more favorably disposed, and unknown to the girl's father, contrived to plan so that she could attend the meetings secretly.

CHAPTER VIII

Enrollment Amidst Fears

SEE me, then, one Sunday evening, my shoes in my hand, opening the front door of our house; my intention to creep silently to bed, disturbing nobody, least of all my father.

A strange reluctance steals over me as the door begins to swing inwards. It is as if I know there is someone behind that silently-moving door. I feel I want to rush away. Nevertheless, I press forward, striving for soundlessness. In the darkness, as I step across the threshold, I meet some obstruction. It is warm; it gives; it is alive. A scream of fear dies in my throat. A voice falls upon my ear—my father's voice. Well—it has come! I'm glad, really. But he shall not thrash me, all the same. That I will not allow.

"I want to talk to you, my girl!" All right, he could talk; I would not allow more than that. I followed my father into the dining-room.

"Where have you been to-night?" was his first question. Never a suggestion to deceive him came to my mind. I have sometimes wondered why the Devil did not try to misguide me here. Perhaps I was only too relieved to have matters brought to an issue. Immediately I answered: "I have been to The Army!" He looked as if it were no surprise to him. Then he assumed a severe appearance and said:

"Very well, then; you can make your choice. If you persist in going with these people you cannot stay here. I give you one week to decide. Mind, I mean what I say. Good-night!"

What is home without a mother? What is home with misunderstanding and prejudice? What is home where God is ignored? What is home with an angry father? Still it is home. And the prospect of being forced to leave smote hard upon my heart. I went to my room with laggard steps, remembering how I had climbed the staircase after a previous interview, when my father had threatened to thrash me if I attended Army meetings. Then my grandmother had found a way out. Now I knew the choice would be final and without escape.

Throwing myself upon my knees I

tried to pray, but I could frame no appeal to Heaven. Surely my perplexed condition, my distress, my fears, would plead for me! I could think of being homeless in London;



I could visualize the almost sexless creatures I had seen wandering about the streets—the homeless. Must I join such a company? I had seen women who were nearly unrecognizable as such kneeling, in filthy garb, at The Army Penitent-form in "The Penny Gaff." The homeless! And I had seen them led unobtrusively away by kindly Salvationist women. There must have been, for these, a first day in which they found themselves without a home. Must I, indeed, plumb the depths and the awful, the nameless horrors of life in the under-world of the vast city?

Shrinking from the bodeful picture which seemed to be painted in flaming colors on the curtain of my mind, I yet resolved that, rather than sacrifice my right to go to The Army, I would leave my home.

What was this? Music? Was someone singing? No, only the words of an Army song! Yet it almost sounded as if they were being sung, as over and over again, they echoed through the chambers of my mind.

As day follows night so certainly my last week at home sped to its close. In spite of my conviction that he would not yield, I kept hoping that my father would show some sign of clemency; but I knew that he usually did as he said he would. So sure was I of the hopelessness of the case, viewed from that angle, that on the Wednesday evening I was enrolled as a Soldier of The Army. At any rate I would go out with my colors flying!

Officiating that evening was Staff-Captain

(now Brigadier) W. Lord. He made the service a very impressive one; for me it was especially so. Nobody knew of my predicament; and I knew not where to turn in my distress. But it was a sublime moment for me, nevertheless, when the Officer said: "In the name of the General and of the Limehouse Corps of The Salvation Army, I accept your pledges and enroll you as a Soldier!" Then he added the following piece of advice:

"Never mind what other folk may say, what they may preach—you preach Jesus." If only he had known I wonder what kind of counsel he would have given? Did it seem inappropriate? Not to me. Preach Jesus? Yes, by my life, if not by my words, for my language was poor. Preach Jesus, the despised and rejected of men! Preach Jesus who in His anguish, announced that He felt forsaken by God! And I, rejected and forsaken by my father, as homeless as the Saviour of Men; was exhorted to preach Christ. Surely I would; by my life; but how and

I could think of
being lonely in
London. I could visualize the
almost sexless creatures I had
seen wandering the streets

where? Of course I was at a loss, but I was also strangely calm. How greatly different I was becoming from my former heedless self!

(To be continued)



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Territorial Commander,
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GENERAL ORDER

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND MARCH, 1931, are hereby declared a Campaign Period. The prosecution of the great ideals of the "Regions Beyond" Campaign must be studied, prayed over, and carried through by all Officers.

Directions from your Divisional Commanders, and inspiring words from "The War Cry," must be diligently followed.

The object of this Campaign is to get to "Regions Beyond," i.e., advancing all Army work by at least ten per cent, before March 31st.

JAMES HAY,
Commissioner.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

NEWFOUNDLAND SUB-TERRITORY

PROMOTION—
To be Adjutant:
Ensign Mabel Payne.

JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander.

CAROLS ON THE AIR

THE COMMISSIONER

Addresses Christmas Eve listeners-in from Toronto Temple—Earlscourt Band and Songster Brigade Provide Program

"Radio friends" of CKCL (Toronto) became Army friends on Christmas Eve when, from ten o'clock until eleven, the Earlscourt Band and Songster Brigade provided a program of music and song, and the items were broadcast. On the precise stroke of the hour the preliminary announcement, made by Mr. Howells, went on the air and the sixty minutes which followed were crowded with twenty-two contributions of enjoyable seasonable fare. There were no fewer than thirteen carols, Band and Brigade giving these in co-operation or individually, two marches, one cornet duet, a vocal solo and an anthem.

The Commissioner's address, which stressed the greatness of Jesus, also emphasized the influence of His life and particularly dwelt upon the manner in which God's manifestation of love, in the form of such a gift as that He made in the person of His Son, was having its effect upon the hearts of men, especially at Christmas time. The Territorial Commander drew attention to the generosity of Army friends whose aid enabled our Social workers to minister to the needs of the hungry and the homeless.

Christmas Cheer

He had even then but just come from seeing some five hundred men being entertained at the Augusta Street and Sherbourne Street Hostels; in addition many thousands had been provided with free meals during recent weeks and a thousand Christmas hampers had been delivered at the homes of necessitous families in the course of the last few hours.

For all this free-handed assistance he offered grateful thanks in the name of the gratified recipients.

Prayer was made by Brigadier T. Burton and a Bible portion was read by Ensign Warrander. The chimes of the City Hall clock could be heard striking the hour of eleven as the final notes were being broadcast.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

THE COMMISSIONER and MRS. HAY

Conduct a Heartening Meeting in the Toronto Temple

OH, COME let us adore Him," the motif of the meeting led by the Commissioner in the Temple, on Christmas Day in the morning, was delightfully in evidence, the gathering blending and bowing before the Holy Child, the anniversary of Whose birth it was, with a warmth and oneness which thrilled a many a heart.

Every portion of the brief proceedings was instinct with solemn gladness, to which was coupled a simplicity and materialness which appealed profoundly. Carols, memory-evoking tunes and words, were richly enjoyed—one being sung twice over—the Temple Band providing helpful accompaniment. There were also prayer intervals which afforded opportunity for combined intercession, Mrs. Commissioner Hay and Colonel McAmmond leading in these occasions.

Full advantage was taken of the Scripture story, the Commissioner reading, at different times, portions which painted again pictures on the mind. Lieut.-Commissioner Henry and Brigadier Burton also assisted to make the meeting a heartening success.

A Worthy Gift

"Let us follow the example of these wise men of whom we now read," said the Territorial Commander, at one point. "Their actions serve to illuminate the true spirit which should manifest itself in those who come to Christ. Any who make worship without gifts offer that which is unholly and unprofitable to God and man. Whether of high intrinsic value, as money or kind, or simply of time and service, maybe great, maybe small, something indicative of worthy gift must inevitably accompany all worship if it is to be acceptable to God."

Later still, in giving point to the words, "He shall be great—and shall be called the Son of the Highest," the Commissioner declared, "God translates the Godhead in terms of humble humanity, that it may be understandable and show the track of life appointed by Him!"

Cause and Effect

How interesting it was to read the effect of the leader's words upon the countenances of those composing the audience. There were whole rows of the grimly-garbed; those upon whose faces poverty had limned the spare story of dissatisfaction. The building was just comfortably warmed; how reluctant would they be, who had thus escaped the wintry streets for an hour, to turn again to the comfortless haunts of the very poor! But with what a message would they go! Staff-Captain Mundy sang of the Saviour's coming, His choice of dire poverty that thus He might "enrich the humble poor." The chorus went with a swing, as it deserved to do—and the last and least amongst that gathering might sing with the first and the best, however God might find him, that the Saviour was born "To save a poor sinner like me!"

There were Staff Officers in plenty, and all grades and conditions of men, seemingly, each variously impressed, and even the genial simple one, lying in wait—subtle to him, this game—to catch one's eye, and then a pull at his forelock and the flash of a seasonable greeting—all swept up in the inspiration of this common blessing so well told by the poet:

As, with gladness, men of old,
As with joyful steps they sped
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

Lazarus at the Feast

Five Hundred Men Entertained by The Army to Seasonable Fare on Christmas Eve

IT IS customary, nowadays, for the *Maitre d'hôtel* to supply skilled harmonies as an accompaniment to the perfect enjoyment, by his guests, of gastronomical exercise. In other words, music while we eat. So when Lazarus was called to a feast, on Christmas Eve, The Army having provided a plenitude of tempting, and substantial viands for his delectation at the Augusta Street and Sherbourne Street Hostels, the capstone was not missing from the eminence of their enjoyment for—they also ate to music.

Toronto's Lazarus, supposedly, proved on enquiry to represent the British Empire in considerable degree. The British Isles, largely, Australia in one case, South Africa in another, Bermudas—ugh; the contrast for the unprepared in Christmas weather—and others, with only few native to the soil of this Dominion. And yet, here they were, rubbing shoulders in delightful forgetfulness of the cruel disappointment of cheerless yesterdays, and the fearful prospect of a bodeful vista of hopeless tomorrows; finding joy in the provision of the hour; thanking God—some got no higher than their lucky stars—for the moment and—the music.

How readily they reacted to the Commissioner's raillery, and with what a grip they seized—so many of them being youthful—upon Mrs. Hay's motherly heart-love! The words of good cheer and the counsel of The Army's leaders, the kindness, the thoughtfulness which anticipated every necessity, the atmos-

phere of helpful concern—"Yes, boy, what can we do for you," says the smiling Staff-Captain Smith—all helped to work the wonder of the moment—a Happy Christmas, *after all!* There was a world of pathos in that "after all" for those who knew the immediate antecedents of many of the guests, and the miracle, no less, as it seemed to so many enjoying that feast, that they were not finding shelter in the cars on the railroad tracks, or some worse place.

Food in abundance, then, had they with the concomitants of the festivities of the well-to-do; what more could they ask at the moment?

Surely they obtained, not a few of them, from the words of the Commissioner and Mrs. Hay, the cue to *something more*, which would add a new realization of abundant life despite every physical condition. For spiritual necessity was greater than the material with most of them.

As the Salvation Singers, a party of young women Officers, Captains mostly, from the Territorial Headquarters, sang the old carols and Army songs, they rendered service the full extent of which may surpass their most hopeful imaginings. In any case they contributed splendidly, and called for the complimentary commendation of the Commissioner; both at the time and afterwards.

Just five hundred men were entertained at the Toronto centre. The Commissioner and Mrs. Hay were supported, among others, by the Chief Secretary, and the Men's Social Secretary.

THIS YEAR'S BEST SELLER

Another Eulogy of "God in the Slums"

Rev. John Bevan, M.A., writing a few weeks ago in the Christian Herald pays a fine tribute to the work of The Army in his review of Mr. Hugh Redwood's heart-moving book "God in the Slums," when he writes:

Have you read "God in the Slums"? If not, read it. It may make you cry, it is so dreadful, but through your tears you will see what miracles Christ is even now working in the lives of men and women of the most depraved and abandoned types. In one sense the book is simply an account of the work of Salvation Army Officers in the slums of London and other cities. In another sense it is an additional chapter to the Gospels, and shows that Christ's touch hath still its ancient power. Once again, with swimming eyes, we see the publicans and sinners coming under His influence, and losing their vices and weaknesses, their cruelty and despair. The men and women are real men and women, and the change in their lives so entirely beyond question that you will leave the book feeling that for once at least in your life you have been brought up against the religion that makes bad people good.

And that is the only test. Is it not about time that we let a blast of reality blow into glowing fire the dying embers of a faith that is fed far too much with intellectualism, and fanned by discussion and controversy? If the religion of Jesus did not start as a power to save men's lives from misery and their souls from corruption, tell me as what did it start? So powerful have been the influences that have controlled our thinking that we have allowed religion to become an interest instead of insisting that it is God's power at work in men's lives, creating moral energy in their souls."

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY

At a "Baby" Corps

On Tuesday last Mrs. Commissioner Hay opened the Home League Sale at the Toronto West Division's "baby" Corps—Weston. Despite the fact that this Corps has been in operation only a few months, splendid work has been accomplished by the growing League.

Mrs. Hay's words of commendation and encouragement were greatly appreciated, as was the presence of Mrs. Brigadier Burton, and Mrs. Adjutant Green, on this occasion.

A varied presentation which added considerably toward the success of the venture, was given at night. A number of the younger Headquarters Officers, together with local workers, assisted on the program, which was presided over by Mrs. Burton.

COLONEL & MRS. DALZIEL

As we go to press Colonel W. Dalziel, the new Chief Secretary for the Canada East Territory, with Mrs. Dalziel and their family, is crossing the Atlantic on the S.S. Minnedosa, which is due to arrive at St. John on January 4th.

We hope to give an account of the Colonel's Army career, together with photographs, in our next issue.

PUBLIC WELCOME

to

COL. and MRS. DALZIEL

will take place in the

TORONTO TEMPLE

on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6th

THE COMMISSIONER

will be in charge

West Toronto Band and the
Earlscourt Songster Brigade
will take part

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OFF TO THE WESTERN TERRITORY

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER and MRS. HENRY say good-bye at a Rousing Meeting in the Temple

A LESS level-headed couple than Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Henry might have been more than embarrassed by the generous wealth of tribute which was showered upon them by loving comrades, anxious adequately to speed the farewelling Chief Secretary and his wife, at their good-bye meeting in the Temple, on Monday evening. As it was, however, no harm was done and the new Leaders for Canada West received a glowing sense of goodwill and affectionate interest that will send them on their way to fields of fresh endeavor with renewed confidence in the Grace of God, which was their sufficiency in Canada East during five years of noble and unremitting effort to advance the interests of the Kingdom.

Commissioner Hay, who presided, kept a lengthy list of speakers "on the move," and to such good purpose that the proceedings ran and were not wearying in the least degree. The Temple was well-filled, the atmosphere was congenially happy, the singing—and the Commissioner is ever hungry for good singing—was uplifting and the final impression was that the occasion admirably contributed to the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, which is now on.

A Fighting Unit

Much of what was said and done conveyed the suggestion that the individual Salvationist is a fighting unit; whether isolated or in company he must, and does, combat evil, and many of the words of appreciation offered to the departing comrades revolved around that idea.

Yearning passion pulsed through the prayers at the opening and close of the meeting. The Salvation Singers most fittingly gave "Anywhere with Jesus." The Temple Band played the "Winnipeg Citadel" March and "We'll roll the old Chariot along." Staff-Captain Mundy set several choruses going acceptably, and the crowd simply revelled in singing "Stand up for Jesus," and "I'll stand for Christ alone."

Said the Territorial Commander of the outgoing Chief Secretary: "He is called to do the work of a full-grown man in Christ and I know he will deliver the goods." Continuing, the Commissioner paid golden tribute regarding Lieut.-Commissioner Henry's abilities and qualities. Mrs. Henry was also highly eulogized.

There followed a series of speakers, all glad of the opportunity to bear testimony to the high estimate which they had formed of the character and the devotion of the guests of the evening. Colonel McAmmond, representing the Field Officers, showed the Chief Secretary to be an acceptable leader. Colonel DesBrisay, speaking in the name of the Women's Social Workers of the Territory, also gave evidence of the pride which a daughter of Canada can feel in the wonders of her Homeland. Lieut.-Colonel Whatley spoke of first meeting Robert Henry when that Officer, then a Major and accompanying an Australian troopship laden with men going to the Great War, called, en route, at South Africa. "He was there," said the Colonel, "to stand for Christ—if needs be, alone."

Warm Words of Tribute

A word for the Local Officers of the Territory was offered by Envoy Weaver; in the name of the Bandsmen by Bandmaster MacGregor, by Brigadier Burton for West Toronto and Brigadier Ritchie for the East. Major Spooner expressed the gratitude of the Young People and Lieut.-Colonel Saunders not only represented the Cadets in Training but dealt with associations which he had had

with the Commissioner in various countries during many years.

Hearty words of warm appreciation were uttered by Mrs. Hay, who declared that she had always admired the consecration and devotion of Commissioner and Mrs. Henry to the cause of Christ. Gratitude was also expressed in the name of the women of the Home League for faithful service rendered by Mrs. Henry.

Just as Mrs. Henry rose to speak a tiny tot appeared on the platform to present a beautiful bouquet on behalf of the West Toronto Home Leaguers. It made a charming scene. "The spirit of comradeship which I found here at our welcome five years ago, has continued," said Mrs. Henry, "right through the years. It is a sweet memory to-day and will be with me as I go away." In addressing the members of the Home League included in the audience, Mrs. Henry commanded to their love Mrs. Colonel Attwell, the succeeding Territorial Secretary for that branch of Army operations.

"Face value," was, according to one speaker, the consideration at which the Territory had taken Colonel Henry on his arrival to be Chief Secretary, and this was referred to by Commissioner Henry in his closing address. "You certainly played the game in doing this thing," he said, "and I pledge myself, with every ability I possess, to the task that has been given to me." His last words were: "Stick to the things which matter most—things pertaining to the soul and to faith in God!"

A verse of "God be with you," and a stirring prayer by Colonel Morehen brought the proceedings to a close.

A CAMPAIGN SUGGESTION



**TAKE HOLD OF THE HAND OF TIME AND USE IT FOR
THE GLORY OF GOD**

THE GENERAL'S THREE CAMPAIGNS

The Power of God made Manifest in Uplifting Meetings at Cardiff, Wimbledon and Ebbw Vale

MANY walked long distances from the valleys around Cardiff to be present at the Power and Glory Campaign conducted by the General in the Cory Hall, last month. Miners and their wives, who have for years now endured the poverty and privation resultant upon industrial depression, came to forget for a few hours their darkened circumstances—came for cheer, for blessing, for hope.

Forty-two seekers, at the invitation of Colonel Pugmire, knelt at the wide row of chairs below the platform. One was a pathetic type of almost useless humanity—a young woman, deaf, dumb, and nearly blind. One of the first to surrender in the afternoon was a desperate-looking man, a seafarer, and a tough proposition for the Officer dealing with him, was another who found pardon.

An elderly working-man, seventy-four years of age, climbed over the chairs at night and bowed his hoary head at the Mercy-seat in submission, after many years of defiant indifference.

Both the General and Mrs. Higgins spoke during the day of memories roused, of earlier days in those parts. Mrs. Higgins, indeed, was standing on her "own native heath," and was, she stated, within a week of the anniversary of her conversion at Penarth, forty-eight years ago. Her appealing message at night, especially directed to the restoration of those who have fallen out of the way, was followed up earnestly by the General.

Between the sessions the General attended a luncheon at the Park Hotel, and delivered a striking and

informative address to a gathering of prominent men representing every phase of Cardiff life, who came to do him honor. The first part of the proceedings was presided over by the Lord Mayor (Alderman R. G. Hill Snook), who is also Corps Sergeant-Major at Roath.

A LITTLE child was set in the midst of them at Wimbledon on Sunday morning, when the General dedicated to God his grandchild, Marion Ruth, the daughter of Ensign and Mrs. Zealley (the latter the General's youngest daughter).

Without pre-determined design, all things were subordinated to the idea set in motion by the informal giving back to God of the infant child. Mrs. Higgins spoke of the giving of our best gifts to God.

On Sunday afternoon Sir Joseph Hood, the Mayor of Wimbledon, who was supported by the majority of the Aldermen and the Councillors, and other dignitaries, presided over the General's lecture. Proud indeed were the many Salvationists in the influential congregation of their Leader as he spoke of the faith in God, courage, love, and service for the people which are the secrets of The Army's success, illuminating his hearty words by stories which will long be recalled in association with The Army's name. Here again the great work of the writer was seen as the Rev. Gordon Sellers, Chairman of the Christian Service Council, spoke of the deep impression made upon him by "God in the Slums," "that fine book that everybody is reading."

A sterner note prevailed at night. The first words in the Salvation meeting were of sin and the need of a Saviour, and the meeting progressed powerfully to the point from which the General made his declaration of the consequences of sin and of the power of God to save.

The total number of seekers for the day amounted to thirty-eight.

A FURTHER link in The Army's chain of association with the James Street Wesleyan Church at Ebbw Vale was forged on Thursday, when the General occupied the same pulpit as did the Founder and Bramwell Booth when they conducted similar campaigns in this once-prosperous town.

Although only six thousand men are at work out of a population of forty-four thousand; although the burden of even a mere existence presses so heavily upon almost every one; although Ebbw Vale might rightly be re-named the Valley of Distress, its people do not despair. They fight poverty with a smile; they disperse gloom with a song.

Commissioner Sowton and Mrs. Ensign Bowers spoke in the morning—the one encouraging his interested listeners with stories of fine Salvation exploits in Canada and Sweden; the other testifying to the full consecration which led her and her husband to leave Canada for service in West Africa.

An up-to-date experience of God's dealings with men who have given up all hope, related by Colonel Dalziel in the afternoon, held the congregation enthralled and made Salvationists proud of their privileges.

The crowds increased as the day wore on, so that at night people sat on the pulpit steps and forms placed along the aisles.

The prayer of Mrs. General Higgins that the meetings should not act "simply as a spiritual lullaby" was abundantly answered. The addresses of the General and Mrs. Higgins, powerfully delivered in the name of the Lord stirred the consciences of sinners.

The Prayer-meeting was fought with desperate energy, and twenty-one seekers, in all, were registered.

IN THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS MEN AND WOMEN THE GRACE OF GOD IS PRODUCING

WONDERS!

QUARTET OF SEEKERS

Learning New Choruses

BELLEVILLE (Ensign and Mrs. Howlett) — Last week-end we had Lt.-Colonel Sims with us. On Saturday he spoke of The Army's early days. On Sunday afternoon we were given an insight into The Army's Prison Work.

Recently four seekers came to the Saviour. An instrumental quartet has been formed, and is rendering

**THERE ARE
REGIONS BEYOND
AT YOUR DOOR!**

good service. As the new choruses appear in "The War Cry," one of the members puts four-part harmony to it, and thus aids the congregation in learning it.—Top C.

NEW PLAYERS

DARTMOUTH (Captain and Mrs. Tilley) — The week-end services were conducted by Corps Sergeant-Major W. Hatt from Truro. We recently said farewell to Captain and Mrs. Voisey, who have been appointed to St. John IV. They were staunch Soldiers at the Corps. Corps Cadet H. Wambolt has been placed in charge of the Band. New players are being added to the combination.—F. T.

26th. ANNIVERSARY

OTTAWA II (Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton) — We recently celebrated our 26th Anniversary. The meetings were led by Brigadier Bristow and Staff-Captain Richards. On Saturday night a Musical Festival was given by the Band and Songsters, under the leadership of Bandmaster O. Gage. During the evening a new tenor horn was presented to Bandsman J. Greenhalgh.

On Sunday one seeker sought Holiness in the morning, and at night five surrendered. On Monday night we had a Soldiers, ex-Soldiers and friends tea and meeting.—C. C. Guardian Mrs. Simpson.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S "ROUSE-UP"

Major Spooner, the Territorial Young People's Secretary, has just spent eleven days in the Montreal Division, during which he held five Young People's workers' Councils at four different centres, three illustrated lantern lectures, five public meetings, five Young People's meetings and a United Corps Cadets Council for the City of Montreal.

The Major presided at a united Life-Saving Scout, Guard, Chum and Sunbeam Demonstration, where the Montreal City Troops acquitted themselves very creditably. During the program four General's Tassels were presented to Scouts of the Citadel Troop which was congratulated on having the most General's Scouts of any one Troop in the East Territory.

Belleville, Verdun, Maisonneuve, Sherbrooke, Montreal Citadel and Kingston were among the Corps visited. Warm appreciation was expressed by the Young People's Locals who attended the Councils.

God owned and blessed the Major's efforts and sixteen seekers knelt at the Mercy-seat.

No effort was spared in bringing before the workers the various methods and means to make the lessons of

AN ITINERANT SALVATIONISM

The Army Does a Wonderful Work Amongst the Lumberjacks of Northern Canada

ANOTHER letter has been received by "The War Cry" from the Officers at Chapleau, that far-away Northern centre, of an itinerant Salvationism. "Whether by train, foot or boat, the Gospel to the world must go," is the motto of these intrepid young men at this outpost, as well as their Salvationist comrades in other Northland centres.

Says the writer: "Recently we took a little trip of about 200 miles. It was somewhat out of the ordinary. We started in at Nemagos, where we had our customary weekly meeting.

"Our next call was a lumber camp, twenty-two miles back in the bush. We went by foot most of the way. An inspiring meeting was held with the men, and we were pressed to return.

"On our way back to the railway, whilst going through a ten-mile stretch of bush road, darkness fell. I was unable to discern the Captain three or four feet ahead of me. We stumbled and fell, tripping into ruts filled with water, or over roots of trees. For awhile we thought we were lost, but at last discerned a light.

"We stayed at the little settlement over-night, and next morning, making our way onwards, followed the railway track along, visiting the scattered homes en route.

"We arrived at our destination, Biscotasing, in time to have a Saturday night meeting. The grandchild of Brother and Sister Sawyer, Soldiers at this place, was dedicated by Captain Clitheroe. On Monday we returned to Chapleau."



BAND PRACTICE PRAYER-MEETING

A one-time Bandsman came to the Peterboro Band practice on Tuesday evening. We had a forty-minute Prayer-meeting to start practice, and our comrade gave himself back to God. This is a direct answer to prayer. For months a num-

INTEREST AROUSED

KINGSVILLE (Adjutant Davies, Lieutenant Murray) — On Wednesday a number of Officers met here for a Council, conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ham and Adjutant Stevenson in the Memorial Hall. Messages, delivered by Field-Major Wiseman and the Divisional Commander, were of much blessing.

The evening Open-air created much interest, as we had the Leamington and Essex Bands.

Stratford Corps recently held a Cradle Roll meeting and invited a trained nurse to address the mothers. Good idea, that.

Writes T.D., of St. Stephen: "On Thursday one seeker came to Jesus. We held an Open-air at Eastport, Maine, on Saturday afternoon. We have had twelve surrenders in the past week!"

NINE CAPTURES

From Ranks of Sin

BYNG AVENUE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Poulton) — The service last Saturday was conducted by the Home League. The Sunday meetings, led by Adjutant and Mrs. McBain, resulted in nine at the Cross.—Jan.

YOUNG PEOPLE TO FORE

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Larman) — Major and Mrs. Spooner conducted the Young People's annual week-end. On Saturday evening the Yorkville Guards and the Fairbank Scouts gave a splendid program.

On Sunday afternoon our Young People also gave an excellent program. Two Junior Soldiers were enrolled, and Adjutant Larman dedicated Muriel Pansy Bradley, a fourth-generation Salvationist, the infant daughter of Bandsman Bradley and Songster Mrs. Bradley. Mrs. Bradley's grandmother was a member of the Christian Mission.

During the night service, the Band and Songsters rendered appropriate selections. Two men sought forgiveness at the Mercy-seat.

The Saturday night "Popular" was under the direction of Envoy Young. The Envoy presented one of the most enjoyable programs of the series. Adjutant Pollock was the chairman of the evening.—D. Shankland.

SONGS OF PRAISES

HALIFAX I (Commandant and Mrs. Speller) — On Sunday last a number of newly-appointed Local Officers were commissioned. Sister Mrs. Burgess, who for the past fifteen years has rendered faithful and efficient service as Young People's Sergeant-Major was the recipient of a Long Service Badge. Mrs. Burgess is now the Corps Treasurer. Mrs. Commandant Richardson is the newly-appointed Recruiting Sergeant. At the close of the meeting a backslider returned to the Fold.

We recently held our annual Home League Sale, which was opened by Mrs. Brigadier Tilley. At night a program of music and song was rendered by the members of the Home League.—L. G. Smith.

ber of Bandsman have been praying for these ex-Bandsmen. This comrade is the second to return, and we rejoice to report the third and fourth were among the Sunday seekers.

The Sunday services were conducted by Brigadier Mrs. Green. The evening meeting took the form of a Memorial service for Brother J. Halcrow. There were twelve seekers, including several backsliders, a husband and wife, and an immigrant boy from the farm.

Seven young men have got into full uniform in the last two months. Four of these were commissioned as Senior Soldiers and transferred from

**PREACH THE GOSPEL
IN
REGIONS BEYOND**

the Junior to the Senior Band, while two others will shortly take their place in the Band.

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**THE GOSPEL
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WHITNEY PIER'S MOTTO**For 1931—"Jesus Only"**

Whitney Pier Band has adopted a splendid motto for the new year—"Jesus only." Bandmaster W. E. Brewer passes on this motto to his men in a letter from which we quote:

"As we look backward on another milestone our hearts rejoice as we remember the victories won. We have every reason to be thankful for the continued blessings bestowed upon us.

"We regret our failure to grasp all the wonderful opportunities given us to live up to our ideals; still, we have made progress, and our striving 'Upward and onward' has been in many ways encouraging.

"Stepping out into the unknown New Year what finer motto can we have than, 'Jesus Only.' The work to which we have pledged ourselves, that of bringing souls to Christ, is the noblest and highest of all. Solomon tells us that, 'He that winneth souls is wise,' and surely the winning of souls to Christ should be our one and only desire. Let us ever seek grace, strength and guidance, through prayer, to live our lives for 'Jesus only.'

BUSY CAROLLERS

Amongst the busy parties of Army serenaders active in Toronto on Christmas eve was a quartet of vocal-instrumentalists composed of Major Beer, Adjutant Green, and Ensigns J. Wood and Tiffin.

From just before midnight until the early hours they scattered their carols via instrument and voice in

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN CHORUS

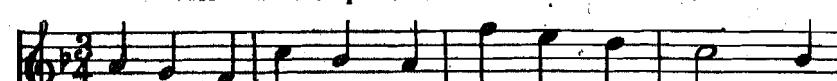
No. 12 in Congress Chorus Book

THE PLACE FOR THE LIFTING OF BURDENS

Here is the place for the lifting of burdens.



Here is the place of freedom from care;



Here is the place where the sinner finds pardon,



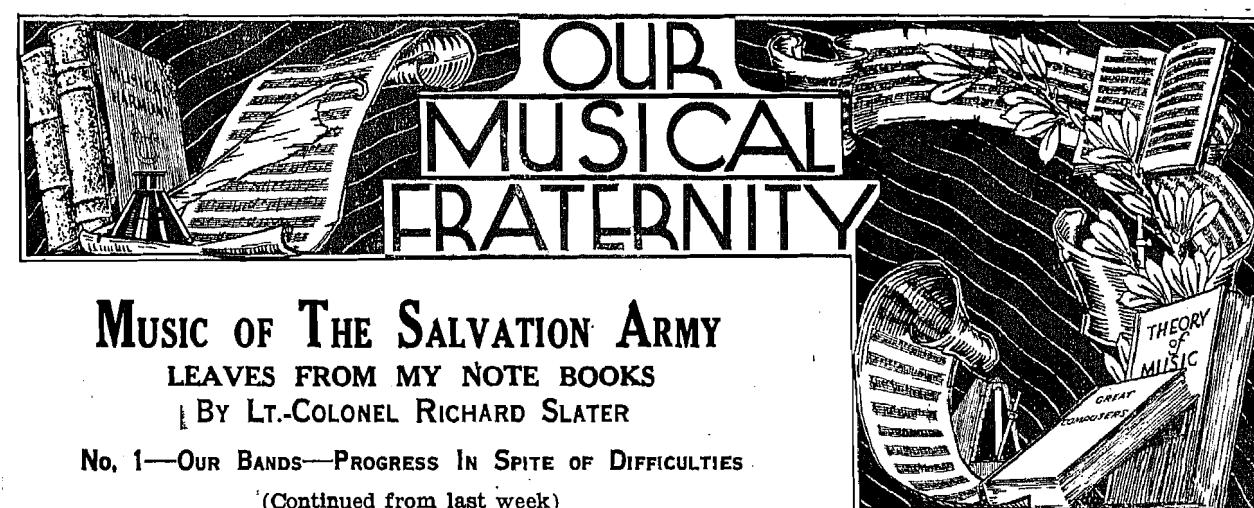
Here is the place where God answers prayer.

different parts of the city. Among those households fortunate enough to secure a visit in the quiet midnight hours were those of the Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, and the comrades comprising the Davisville and Davenport Army "Colonies."

Several comrades were remembered who have been confined to their homes for some time, among them Colonel Jacobs and Adjutant Saunders, who were especially grateful for this kindly thought, as were also the nurses of Bloor Street Hospital, who were not forgotten.

The outing was not without its humor for the "waits." Their car drew up quietly in the road in which Colonel Adby lives; but unhappily no one was quite sure of the number. They thought they might recognize the frontage; after stealthily creeping up to several houses in turn and surveying the land, they decided on 102.

Imagine their disappointment the following morning to learn that the Colonel had not heard a sound, and that his number was 174!

**MUSIC OF THE SALVATION ARMY**

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOKS
By LT-COLONEL RICHARD SLATER

No. 1—OUR BANDS—PROGRESS IN SPITE OF DIFFICULTIES

(Continued from last week)

IT TOOK time to find out what selection of instruments was necessary to make a satisfactory Band. Violins, flutes, concertinas, clarinets, in early days were used, even when marching, as well as brass Band instruments.

The need of instruction as to instruments as well as musical notation was soon felt, but how could it be secured? In some cases outside musicians in sympathy with The Army volunteered their services. Here and there a man with musical knowledge and Band experience got converted, so he soon found work to do in Band formation and training.

As to music to be played, what could be done? Application was made to publishers of Band music for arrangements of tunes simple enough and of a suitable character for the use of Army Bands. Some

meetings; Bands, such as they were, had part in all week-night Open-air and inside meetings as well as on Sundays.

At last it became evident that a week-night practice by the Band was needed and worth while, although many Officers very reluctantly came to the conclusion that a more efficient Band by practice made up for a week-night's service from the Band as well as loss of a part, if not the whole, of a week-night's meeting of the usual kind.

There were no sets of rules in early days for Bands, such as we to-day know as Regulations. A few wise men soon found that Band management and discipline demanded rules for them. Some Officers and some prudent Bandmasters set to work to frame rules for their particular Bands.

But as with instruments, music, conditions of Bandsman, and other things relating to the life and work of Bands, unity of action by a common plan under the authority of Headquarters is essential, and such to-day we are fortunate in possessing.

(To be continued)

DESTRUCTIVE VIBRATION

The voice of the late Enrico Caruso was so powerful and vibrant that it is said he could shatter a thin tumbler by singing into it a single tone. This is quite probable, and it has been done by other singers. It is, however, only a certain tone that will break a glass—the tone to which that glass is naturally keyed. All other tones in the gamut will fail to even chip it.

A story is just now going the rounds apropos of this fact. A man is said to have called up a powerful radio station to complain of one of its singers; "Tell that woman," the man exclaimed wrathfully; "she sang so sharp and so loud that she broke a valuable glass vase of my grandmother's that was standing on the mantel."

There is recorded in Biblical history a tale of the walled city of Jericho, when, in obedience to Joshua, their leader, the trumpeters all blew a single note, and the people shouted with a great shout, on a single note—the exact note to which the walls were attuned—and the wall fell down flat.

Enharmonics—Something you should Understand

[In a number of our journals there occur enharmonic changes which have, perhaps, mystified some as to their purport. The following short article, very interesting and certainly helpful—despite its title—taken from the musical page of the New York "War Cry," should be read carefully, preferably early in the morning when the brain is clear!]

Here are a few lines on the difference between C sharp and D flat, D sharp and E flat and G sharp and A flat, etc. Although we make these sounds with the same valve or shifts they are not identical.

The enharmonic scale contains intervals smaller than a semitone, which, although they are not exactly half the semitone, are called from their near approach to the half, the diesis (division) or quarter-tone.

To understand this it must be observed that the interval of a tone in the theory of harmonics is not always the same. That tone which is between the fourth and fifth of the scale is supposed to be divided into nine parts, called commas, while that which is between the 5th and 6th of the major scale is divided into eight commas.

The diatonic semitone consists of five commas and the chromatic semitone of three or four, according to the magnitude of the tone. The two chromatic semitones, therefore, being taken from the minor tone (of eight commas) leaves a residue of two commas for the diesis or quarter-tone. The tones from G to A and from D to E (which are naturally minor or eight commas) are divided into three parts by distinct keys; one for G sharp and the other for A flat, also one for D sharp and another for E flat; but upon keyed instruments in general the temperament or method of tuning is such that the single short key between the two longer keys serves for both purposes, that between G and A being tuned higher

than G sharp and lower than A flat.

The enharmonic scale divides each tone into two chromatic semitones and a quarter-tone, thus, D, D sharp, E flat and E natural.

In some examples of the enharmonic scale F flat and E sharp and C flat and B sharp are inserted, but inasmuch as the intervals between these sounds are smaller than the quarter-tone, the sounds do not belong to this scale.

The term enharmonic consists of the preposition en or in, and harmonic; the preposition is taken in an intensive sense, so that enharmonic means extremely harmonious or highly musical.

The scale is not used for the purposes of composition; ordinarily this enharmonic interval is not recognized in music.

For instance, on the piano the same black note is made to represent both D sharp and E flat, etc. These sounds however, cannot be written for each other for although it may be convenient or expedient in practice to perform them as one sound, yet in theory, it must be remembered they are quite distinct.

MUSICAL NOTES

Captain Lucretia Jennings, the ambitious leader of Earls Court's splendidly-organized Primary Class, was made glad by the Christmas gift from the Band of two special chairs for use in the class. The privilege of using the chairs is reserved for newcomers and for those celebrating a birthday.

Bandsman Howse has taken charge of North Toronto Band. He has had previous experience in this line, having been Bandmaster at Los Angeles. He was commissioned a Bandsman twenty-six years ago by the then Staff-Captain (now Colonel) Adby.

S—M—AAA—SSH!

"That's done it! That precious last cup gone now!" and the poor woman fell to her knees before the pathetic fragments of crockery strewed upon the bare boards.

A simple happening enough in any household; but here it held all the elements of a major tragedy. The meagrely-clad and ill-kept woman, seemingly at one with the poverty-stricken room, was making believe that she regarded the traditions of housekeeping when she washed that cup, following the meal of bread and imitation tea—secured from a brew of burnt breadcrusts.

Younger than her hollowed cheeks would suggest, Mary T.—had known many months of deprivation, even want; those months had dragged by on leaden feet until they had left marks which years cannot make on those who are better-placed.

Her husband, subject to unemployment, had been so reduced physically that he now lay in hospital with dubious hope of recovery. Since his going the baby had died and now, all alone, poor Mary just felt there was nothing to live for.

Mrs. G.—, the woman from whom the room was rented, had been very patient, but Mary knew it was not to be expected that she could keep accommodation for which she could not pay. The few sticks of furniture remaining would not take care of the arrears. Only the chilly streets remained.

Coming closer and closer for weeks, the inevitable day appeared to have arrived at last, and the smashing of that cup seemed to confirm

MARY'S LAST CUP

Driven to Utterest Despair by the Spectres from the Background of Her Mind, She is Doubly Rescued

the wreckage of every last hope that Mary had struggled to entertain during these awful months. By means of these poorly-built erections she had striven to maintain a barricade against grim Despair. But the tiny crash of the crockery betokened the demolition of her ultimate defence, and now—now she was utterly defeated!

Fearful spectres, which had thus far haunted the dim background of her thoughts, now came out boldly,

and drove at her crushed spirit. The River! Make an end of every thing! Why need you fight? Nobody cares! Give it up! These and other even worse suggestions hammered at her distraught mind. And Mary, kneeling there in uttermost humiliation prepared to surrender altogether, when—

Because she had not heard the gentle tapping on the outer panels, the door swung noiselessly open. A smiling face looked in and a pair



A smiling face looked in on her utter despair

of lips had opened to say—"Is anybody at home?" But those words were never spoken.

"My dear!" came the tender exclamation, instead, and a scurry of quick steps on the hollow-sounding boards found the little Army Captain kneeling beside the other woman and holding the now sobbing Mary close to her, while she crooned unspeakable comfort, in all but unrecognizable words, into her ear.

"Just a cup, my dear," whispered the Captain presently.

"That was the last one!" sobbed Mary.

"We'll soon get some more!"

"A tableful could not make up for that one," Mary answered; "my baby used it. And now the baby is gone, and the cup is broken and Bill is in hospital, and I can't pay the rent, so I'll have to go. It's a cruel hard world for some folks!"

"Well, don't worry; I've come to help you and to see you through."

* * *

And there was much through which that little Captain had to see poor Mary, for Bill, her husband, did not recover, and it was a terribly forlorn widow for whom that Army Officer had to undertake in so many ways in the sad days which followed. But, one by one, the grim spectres were banished from even the background of her mind as Mary responded to the helpful counsel of the plucky little woman in blue who so bravely shouldered so much of the widow's burden. Brighter days have dawned for Mary, we are happy to say, and the home over which she now queens it is a Salvation centre. The surname which Mary now wears is that of an Army Bandsman and there is no lack of cups. Nor, in fact, is there likely to be a lack of—But that's another story.

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER & MRS. HAY

GEORGETOWN, Thurs Jan 8
LONDON, Sun Jan 11 (Young People's Day)
WOODBINE, Wed Jan 14
OAKVILLE, Thurs Jan 15
GREENWOOD, Mon Jan 19
WYCHWOOD, Tues Jan 20
HAMILTON, Sun Jan 25 (Young People's Day)
BRAMPTON, Wed Jan 28
BIRCH CLIFF, Thurs Jan 29
LONG BRANCH, Wed Feb 4
LEASIDE, Thurs Feb 5
TORONTO EAST, Sun Feb 8 (Young People's Day)
TORONTO WEST, Sun Feb 15 (Young People's Day)
(Colonel Abby and Major Spooner will accompany at Young People's Days)

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER HOE

Riverdale, Jan 9 to 18

THE CHIEF SECRETARY
(Colonel Dalziel)
Toronto Temple, Tues Jan 6 (Welcome meeting)
Dovercourt, Sun Jan 11 (Morning)
Lisgar Street, Sun Jan 11 (Afternoon)
Earlcourt, Sun Jan 11 (Evening)
Yorkville, Tues Jan 13
Parliament Street, Wed Jan 14
Lippincott, Thurs Jan 15
Montreal I, Sun Jan 18
Mount Dennis, Thurs Jan 22
Mimico, Wed Jan 28
Brock Avenue, Thurs Jan 29
North Toronto, Sun Feb 1 (Morning)
Danforth, Sun Feb 1 (Afternoon)
Riverdale, Sun Feb 1 (Evening)

Colonel McAmmond: Dovercourt (Morning), Lisgar Street (Afternoon), Earlcourt (Evening), Sun Jan 11; Gravenhurst, Thurs 15; Bracebridge Fri 16;

North Bay, Sat Sun 17; Sudbury, Mon 19; Parry Sound, Tues 20

Colonel Morehen: Windsor I, Sat Jan 3 to Mon Jan 12; Toronto I, Sat Jan 17 to Mon Jan 26; Peterboro, Sat Jan 31 to Mon Feb 9

Lieut.-Colonel Sims: Dovercourt (afternoon and evening) Sun Jan 11; Kingston, Sat Sun 25

Lieut.-Colonel Perry, Greenwood, Sun Jan 11 to Sun Jan 18

Brigadier Bloss: West Toronto, Sun Jan 11

Brigadier Mrs. Green: Welland, Sun Jan 4 to Wed Jan 14; Oshawa, Sat Jan 17 to Tues Jan 20; Chatham, Sun Jan 25 to Tues Feb 3; Sandwich, Sat Feb 7 to Wed Feb 17

Major Cameron: Smith's Falls, Sat Mon Jan 3 to 12

Major Kendall: Yorkville, Sat Jan 3 to Mon Jan 12; Hamilton V, Fri Jan 16 to Mon Jan 26; Mount Dennis, Tues Jan 27 to Mon Feb 2

Staff-Captain Porter: Peterboro, Sat Sun Jan 11

Staff-Captain Wilson: Whitney Pier, Sun Jan 25

Field-Major Campbell: North Toronto, Sat Jan 24 to Mon Feb 2

Field-Major Parsons: East Toronto, Fri Mon Jan 9 to 19

Field-Major Urquhart: Toronto Temple, Sat Jan 10

Salvation Singers: Swansea, Thurs Jan 22

MUSIC TO OUTPOST

DUNNIVILLE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Carr)—Last Wednesday we journeyed to Smithville, one of our Outposts, and serenaded the town, which proved successful and a blessing.

On Friday night the children held a very successful demonstration. On Sunday special Christmas services were held all day.—J. Harris.

THE "REGIONS BEYOND" CAMPAIGN

Special Leaders have been appointed to lead Meetings in the Campaign as follows:

Toronto East Division:

RIVERDALE—January 9 to January 19
EAST TORONTO—January 9 to January 19
NORTH TORONTO—January 24 to February 2
GREENWOOD—January 11 to January 18
OSHAWA—January 27 to February 2
PETERBORO—January 31 to February 9

Halifax Division:

BRIDGEWATER—February 1 to February 8
DARTMOUTH—January 3 to January 9
HALIFAX I—January 11 to January 24
KENTVILLE—January 10 to January 18
NEW GLASGOW—January 18 to January 24
PARRSBORO—January 13 to January 20
SPRINGHILL—January 24 to January 30
STELLARONT—January 25 to February 7
TRURO—February 7 to February 18
YARMOUTH—January 23 to January 29

Training Garrison Staff Band and Brigades of Cadets will do 7-day Campaigns from January 27 to February 2, at the following places:—
HAMILTON I, GALT, BRANTFORD, GUELPH and OSHAWA.

London Division:

WIARTON January 25 to January 31

Ottawa Division:

SMITH'S FALLS—January 3 to January 12

Hamilton Division:

KITCHENER—February 7 to February 16
PARIS—January 10 to January 19
ST. CATHARINES—January 17 to January 27
WELLAND—January 4th to January 14
WELLAND—February 28 to March 9
BRANTFORD—January 27 to February 2
GALT—January 27 to February 2
GUELPH—January 27 to February 2
HAMILTON I—February 21 to March 2
HAMILTON V—January 16 to January 25

Windsor Division:

CHATHAM—January 25 to February 3
SANDWICH—January 10 to January 17
WINDSOR I—January 3 to January 12
SANDWICH—February 7 to February 17

Toronto West Division:

ROWNTREE—January 3 to January 11
WYCHWOOD—January 4 to January 11
LIPPINCOTT—January 3 to January 9
NEWMARKET—January 11 to January 18
SCARLETT PLAINS—January 18 to January 26
SWANSEA—January 25 to February 1
TORONTO TEMPLE—January 17 to January 26

Invite your friends and neighbors to accompany you to these special revival meetings

January 10, 1931

THE WAR CRY

13

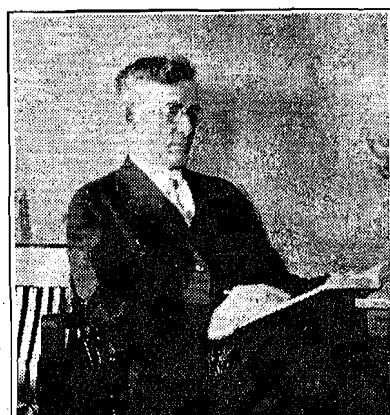
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SPLENDID GENEROSITY

Burwash Prison Staff Makes Donation on Behalf of Needy Children

NOT least among the many gladening gestures of good will received by The Army during the past Christmas season was that from the personnel of the Burwash Prison and Industrial Farm. In a special meeting convened by Major Bell, one of the chief officers of the institution, it was decided to donate the sum of \$150 to some charitable organization for work, preferably amongst needy children.

Hearty concurrence of opinion met the suggestion of the Superintendent, Mr. Fairful, that The Army be entrusted with the money.



Mr. Fairful, Superintendent of Burwash Prison Farm

We are happy to say that this generous gift has already been allocated to the purpose intended. One third of the amount will be devoted to assisting children of the unemployed, securing winter clothing and other necessities for them. Fifty dollars have been set apart for the benefit of the children of imprisoned fathers, and the remaining amount will aid our efforts for children with either one or both parents dead.

The Army wishes to express, on behalf of those assisted, deep appreciation of the splendid generosity of the staff of the Burwash Prison.

Just as we go to press word has come to hand of the receipt of another sum of money from Burwash Prison, to be put to the same use as the initial donation.

IN THE BETTER LAND

CORPS CADET GWENNIE GOULDINGS, Gambo

The Death Angel has visited the home of Young People's Sergeant-Major Gouldings, and has taken their only daughter, Gwennie, aged fifteen years. She was a bright Corps Cadet. Before passing away she called her mother to her bedside and asked whether God would take her, if she prayed, because she was longing to be with Him. At the funeral, conducted by the Corps Officer, some Juniors sang at the graveside. At the Memorial service many spoke of her godly life. May the comfort of God be with the parents and two brothers.

CORPS NEWSLETS

Last Sunday, at Dundas, the Young People had charge of affairs. There were seven seekers in the Salvation meeting.

From Orillia comes news of a musical program of high order, recently presented by the Band and Songsters. A Memorial service was held on Sunday for Songster Mrs. V. Lang. The Young People presented a fine program at the Annual. There were three seekers in a recent meeting.

Two surrendered in a recent Sunday's Holiness meeting at Bedford Park. The night meeting was conducted by Ensign Dunkley and Captain Gordon. Adjutant and Mrs. McBain recently conducted a Sunday's meetings. Major White and Adjutant Harpley were with us recently, as well.

On Sunday Commandant Mabb visited Todmorden (Toronto), and a profitable time resulted.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER — LT.-COL. J. S. BLADIN SPRINGDALE ST., ST. JOHN'S

THE ROTARIANS OF ST. JOHN'S ADDRESSED BY SUB-TERRITORIAL LEADER

Lieut.-Colonel Bladin was recently the guest of the St. John's Rotary Club. He was introduced by Rotarian Ross, who made reference to the honor in which citizens hold The Salvation Army, stressing the fact that the efforts of The Army at Christmas time especially commend themselves to the sympathy of every thoughtful person.

The Colonel gave a most interesting address, showing how The Army has come to the assistance of various governments in handling their perplexing social problems. Briefly but lucidly was described the work of

the Organization with the criminal tribes of India, the Leper Colonies of Java, the Beggar Homes of Ceylon, the Inebriates Colony of New Zealand, and in the Reformatories of Australia. The Colonel also referred to the erring boy problem in Newfoundland, a subject with which the Rotary Club is seriously concerned.

The captain of a vessel, a guest of the club, was so impressed with the Colonel's talk that he gave a substantial amount to help the Christmas Cheer Fund. Following the address the Colonel was warmly thanked.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

SISTER MRS. WILSH,
Herring Neck

There passed away recently, at the ripe age of seventy-eight years, Sister Mrs. Wilsh. She was firm in the Faith and had faithfully fought for long years under the Colors, and was ready for the Call. When the end came, there was no fear.

The Funeral service was attended by many friends of our dear Sister. Our prayers are with the bereaved.—P. M.

SINNERS SAVED

ST. JOHN III (Captain and Mrs. Richie)—The Home Leaguers have had their Annual Sale and Supper. Secretary Mrs. Graham is back at her post. She has been laid aside for over a year. The united Holiness meetings are well attended. The last for the year was held here. Sinners are being converted and backsliders reclaimed.—E.F.

True success is always original; be your own self, not someone else.

SEND THE FIRE!

In the R.B. Campaign use this setting to THE FOUNDER'S song

Air by BRIGADIER JAS. A. HAWKINS

ff Maestoso e marcato

Thou Christ of burn-ing, cleans-ing flame, — Send the fire, —
fire! send the fire! — Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim, —
Send the fire, oh, — Look down and
see this wait-ing host, — Give us the promis'd Ho-ly Ghost,
see this wait-ing host, — Give us the prom is'd Ho-ly Ghost,
We want a nother Pen-te-coast, — Send the fire, —
God of Elijah, hear our cry, — 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead,
Send the fire! — Send the fire!
'Twill make us fit to live or die, — The fire will meet our every need,
Send the fire! — Send the fire!
To burn up every trace of sin, — For strength to ever do the right,
Send the fire! — For grace to conquer in the fight,
To bring the light and glory in, — For power to walk the world in white,
Send the fire! — Send the fire!
The revolution now begin, — To make our weak hearts strong and
Send the fire! — Send the fire!
Send the fire! — Send the fire!
Send the fire! — Send the fire!

To make our weak hearts strong and
Send the fire! — [brave]
To live a dying world to save,
Send the fire!
Oh, see us on Thy altar lay
Our lives, our all, this very day—
To crown the offering now we pray,
Send the fire!

2,000 MILES TO GOD

Experience of a Corps Cadet

THE remarkable story of a young man who has recently been made a Corps Cadet at Peterboro, was revealed the other day in his testimony. Called to the platform to have a few words, he said: "I don't remember the Bible being read in our home, except when the minister came around. Mother and Dad did not get on very well together."

"At last Dad ran away, and I went with him, but I did not like the place he went to so I ran away from him. I jumped the freights for 2,000 miles. I remember waking up several times just holding on to the ladders by my arms."

"I believe now that God was directing me, else I would not have come here. I was caught by the police, and when the Magistrate asked me if I was guilty I said 'Yes,' and asked to go to jail for thirty days."

"But God led me to the home of Christian friends — Salvationists — and through them to Himself, and I thank Him for His goodness."

May God continue to guide this young Corps Cadet in the paths of faithful service.

WEEK-END OF SERVICE

KINGSTON (Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins) — Christmas week-end started by the weekly service, held in the women's side of the Kingston Penitentiary, conducted by Adjutant Mrs. Squarebriggs. On Sunday morning Ensign Rawlins visited the jail.

If anyone had dropped into the Home for the Aged and Infirm, they would have found Mrs. Rawlins, accompanied by her son, Kenneth, telling the story of the New-born King, to the aged men and women.

In the afternoon the Band, having been invited by Inspector Jackson, visited the new Kingston Penitentiary, where for an hour a Christmas program was rendered cheering the hearts of the men and boys in the Institution. Mr. Jackson, who is in charge of the Penitentiary, and is a friend of The Salvation Army, spoke to the Bandsmen.

Bandmaster A. Pearce and Dovercourt Citadel Bandsmen wish to extend to their Bandsmen Comrades throughout the Territory their best wishes for a Happy and Useful New Year, and pray God's blessing upon all their labors for His Kingdom during 1931.

TORONTO I CORPS
(Corner Queen and Tecumseh Sts.)

GREAT AWAKENING CAMPAIGN

Conducted by
Colonel William Morehen,
Territorial Spiritual Special
JANUARY 17th to 26th

Services every night at 7.45 p.m.

**The Army Citadel, Hamilton I
UNITED BAND FESTIVAL**
Up-to-Date Music by the Four
Hamilton City Bands
JANUARY 14th, 1931, at 8 p.m.
Adults, 25 cents; Children, 15 cents.

MINISTERING TO A MURDERER

"There has been a great change in my life"

Commandant Graves, of Fredericton, has been the spiritual adviser of Harvey Dunlop while in York County Jail, under sentence of death, which, however, has now been commuted to penal servitude for life.

Visiting Dunlop for the last time before his removal to Dorchester Penitentiary to serve his life sentence, the Commandant said that Dunlop was in a happy frame of mind, although repenting the rash act which led to the fatal shooting. "I find him very grateful to the people of Fredericton and York County for the part they played in obtaining clemency for him," says the Commandant, "and also for The Army's services in the jail. These were a constant inspiration. His last words to me were, 'There has been a great change in my life, and the remainder of it will be lived for God'."

HOME LEAGUE FIXTURES FOR JANUARY

Toronto East Division

Byng Avenue — Mrs. Major Sparks, Wed., 21, 2.30.
Danforth — Mrs. Brigadier Byers, Thurs., 29, 2.30.
East Toronto — Mrs. Staff-Captain Ritchie, Thurs., 8, 2.30.
Greenwood — Mrs. Field-Major Campbell, Wed., 28, 2.30.
Leaside — Mrs. Adjutant Pollock, Thurs., 29, 2.30.
Parliament Street — Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Moore, Thurs., 8, 2.30.
Rhodes Avenue — Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Tues., 20, 2.30.
Riverdale — Mrs. Field-Major Parsons, Tues., 27, 2.30.
Todmorden — Mrs. Ensign Wood, Thurs., 15, 2.30.
Woodbine — Mrs. Field-Major McCrae, Tues., 13, 2.30.
Yorkville — Mrs. Brigadier Bloss, Thurs., 15, 2.30.

Toronto West Division

Brock Avenue — Mrs. Ensign Ashby, Wed., 21, 2.30.
Earlscourt — Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Saunders, Thurs., 8, 8.00.
Fairbank — Commandant Sharrock, Wed., 14, 2.30.
Lansing — Mrs. Adjutant Green, Tues., 13, 2.30.
Lisgar Street — Mrs. Brigadier Burton, Thurs., 29, 2.30.
Mount Dennis — Mrs. Brigadier Burton, Wed., 21, 2.30.
Rowntree — Mrs. Ensign Tiffin, Wed., 14, 2.30.
Scarlett Plains — Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy, Thurs., 8, 2.30.
Toronto Temple — Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Whatley, Tues., 20, 8.00.
Toronto — Field-Major O'Neill, Thurs., 8, 8.00.
Weston — Adjutant Bridge, Thurs., 20, 2.30.
Wychwood — Mrs. Ensign Keith, Wed., 14, 2.30.

WE MISS YOU

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

CORBETT, Chrissie — Age about thirty; height 5 ft.; black hair; black eyes; left Paisley, Scotland, about 1925. Last heard from in St. Catharines, in 1929. Information urgently requested.

HEATHER, Florence — Age about 57 years. Last heard of in Owen Sound, in 1909. Mrs. Mary Bobler, a cousin, is anxious for information.

A CRICKETER ON SUNDAY

"Nothing will induce me to play cricket on Sundays," said Jack Hobbs, the famous cricketer, who is on a cricket holiday tour in India, in an interview recently.

It was pointed out that in Calcutta Sunday was the only day when spectators could turn out in large numbers, but Hobbs said he had been brought up in a religious atmosphere and taught to respect the Sabbath, and did not wish to do anything which might injure the cause of Christianity in India.

A wise and courageous decision.

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

"A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK"

And you are pleased to think it is so, too. It is an apt and very acceptable saying when applied to the young sons and daughters of Salvationist comrades. Already they have

caught a vision of a life of useful service, and are wearing a badge, but are longing for more uniform that they may become a "complete witness." Our Uniform and supplies are just what is now required, and the prices are right.

UNIFORM DRESSES FOR WOMEN from \$15.00 up
BONNETS, PLAIN and FRILLED \$15.25 and \$16.00, postpaid

UNIFORMS FOR MEN, from \$29.50 upward

BROOCHES:

Maple Leaf	60c.
Crest Pin	35c.
Bar Brooch	60c.
Silver Shield	25c.
Sterling Silver Shield	50c.

A new line of **BIBLE WALLETS** at \$3.75 Postage extra.
Better quality \$6.25 Postage extra.

R. You will need material for the great "Regions Beyond" Campaign. A few items are listed, as follows:

R. Selected Bible Readings for Open-air 40c., post paid
"How to Fish," for men 12c., post paid
Quiet Talks on Prayer \$1.25, 10c. postage
B. Miniature Band Books 26c., post paid
Company Meeting Text Cards 10c. a sheet
C. Tambourines \$3.15 and \$3.65, post paid

SUPPLIES for the following branches of work:—Cradle Roll, Primary, Junior Soldiers, Corps Cadets, Young People's Bands, Young People's Singing Company, Sunbeams, Chums, Life-Saving Guards and Scouts, Home League Buttons, Senior Bands, Songster Brigades. In fact, everything that is required.

THE LATEST BOOKS

"GOD IN THE SLUMS"—Hugh Redwood.

A thrilling Story of Salvation Endeavor, recently reviewed in "The War Cry." It is written by a London Newspaper Editor, who has become a stalwart champion of The Army, through seeing its work in operation in the London Slums. The Book is full of blessing and inspiration. Your library is by no means complete without it. Paper cover, 45c.; cloth cover, 78c., post paid.

"BOOTH TUCKER— SADHU AND SAINT"

Written by Mr. F. A. MacKenzie, the well-known author and journalist. Mr. MacKenzie has had access to all the late Commissioner's papers. He has also taken advantage of the cooperation of the Commissioner's widow, and of his former colleagues and friends of the Indian Civil Service, as well as many of his Salvationist comrades. The result is a book of fascinating interest. It is a volume of 320 pages, illustrated by six plates. The price is \$2.15, post paid.



Address all Orders and Enquiries Direct to:

THE TRADE SECRETARY
20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario

January 10, 1931

THE WAR CRY

15

TO MURDERER
a great change
life"

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UE FIXTURES
ANUARY

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Brigadier Byers, Thurs.,
Mrs. Staff - Captain
3, 2.30.
Field-Major Campbell,
ant Pollock, Thurs.,
—Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel
2.30.
rs. Adjutant McBain,
Field-Major Parsons,
Ensign Wood, Thurs.,
Field-Major McCrae,
Brigadier Bloss, Thurs.,

West Division
Mrs. Ensign Ashby,
Lieut.-Colonel Saunders,
Adjutant Sharrock, Wed.,
Adjutant Green, Tues.,
Mrs. Brigadier Burton,
Mrs. Brigadier Burton,
Ensign Tiffin, Wed., 14,
— Mrs. Staff-Captain
8, 2.30.
— Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel
20, 8.00.
Field-Major O'Neill, Thurs.,
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rs. Ensign Keith, Wed.,

MISS YOU

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erisse—Age about thirty,
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hand, about 1925. Last heard
of in 1929. Informa-
tion requested.

Florence—Age about 57
of in Owen Sound, in
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TER ON SUNDAY
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Sundays," said Jack
amous cricketer, who is
holiday tour in India, in
recently.

ted out that in Calcutta
the only day when spec-
turn out in large num-
obs said he had been
a religious atmosphere
o respect the Sabbath,
wish to do anything
injure the cause of
India.

courageous decision.

GIGANTIC TUNNEL

Subterranean Vehicular Highway
Links Two Nations

"**A**NOTHER link in international amity," was the happy phrase employed to describe the opening of the gigantic Windsor-Detroit tunnel—the only vehicular tube linking nations in the world. Reporting the event, an influential Border Cities "daily" states:

"The ceremony, sixty feet beneath the rolling waves of the Detroit River, followed shortly after the ringing of gongs on either side of the river at the speakers' platforms, the gongs being actuated by President Herbert Hoover from the White House in Washington, when he pressed a golden button, the impulse being carried to Windsor and Detroit."

Digging this mile-long hole, approximately thirty-five feet in diameter, involved the excavation of a veritable mountain of mud, which weighed 787,000 tons. This enormous amount of earth was displaced and disposed of without cluttering up the job by steam shovels, dredges, pneumatic knives, gasoline shovels, "plain-John" hand shovels, a caravan of trucks, a fleet of barges and a system of conveyor belts.

Like a great submarine creature, the tunnel burrows through the earth below the bed of the river, breathing through gigantic lungs in its two heads or ventilator towers in Detroit and Windsor.

From portal to portal the tunnel is a steel tube 5,135 feet long, sunk, thirty to forty feet below the river bed.

With the aid of divers, each section of the tube was sunk into a dredged trench in the river bed, and the various sections bolted together. The tubes of the river section were then bolted to the land sections at either end, cut through the earth, and connected to spiral traffic ramps as runways.

Ventilation Problem

Ventilation presents the chief problem of an automobile tunnel, inasmuch as motor exhaust gases continually taint the tunnel atmosphere with carbon monoxide. This condition is met by the use of giant fans—twelve in the Detroit building and twelve in the Windsor building. In a small room of these buildings a continuous sample of the air being exhausted from the tunnel is analyzed for carbon monoxide content, and from this the operator determines the number of fans to be run and at what speed. The carbon monoxide content is kept well below four parts in 10,000 parts of air, even during periods of maximum automobile travel—and the ill effects of this would be negligible. A complete change of air every ninety seconds can be supplied. While the fresh air is drawn into the ventilation building through gill-like apertures, the vitiated air is expelled through exhausts. It is claimed that the tunnel air is purer than that on the streets.

This ventilating system is patterned after that found so phenomenally successful in the Holland Tunnel, in New York.

The steel tubing which encases the huge tunnel will not rust away for three hundred years and the cement and concrete with which it is lined, will go on solidifying for one thousand years until it becomes an imperishable monolith to 20th century engineering.

Four acres of granite blocks were used in paving the mile-long roadway of the tunnel, and 114,000 watts or sufficient electric power for several thousand homes, provides illumination.

That the need of this tunnel is fully justified is patent from the immense volume of shipping which passes down the Detroit River, the freight handled exceeding that of the combined Panama, Suez and Manchester Ship Canals.

This is the third tunnel to be built between the two countries, two of which were the result of Canadian enterprise.

What the World is Thinking and Doing

BEAUTIFUL RAROTONGA

The Grandeur and Loveliness of this Tiny Mountainous Island, where Stern Peaks Pierce the Clouds, and the Inhabitants Were Once Given to Blood Feuds, Scarcely can be Surpassed

"**S**TEAMER DAY" is a momentous event in the serene existence of Rarotonga, a group of the Cook Islands, and the flower-decked island folk come thronging town-wards in picturesque groups.

During the steamer's stay, passengers have time to take the round-the-island drive of twenty miles. Leaving behind the handsome stone palace of Queen Makea, the road runs along the shore of the lagoon; leading thence through curious native villages, past ancient burial places and across streams placid and peaceful.

No words can properly describe the beauty and grandeur of the first view of this lovely little island—mountainous, with stern peaks like giant sentinels reaching to the clouds. Two great tiers of luxuriant vegetation cover the sombre hills to the very summits. Te Atu Kura (2,920 feet) Maungata and Ikurangi lift their abrupt cliff-sides above the

little seaport. Below, fringing the beach, are the cocoanut palms in myriads, forming altogether a glorious picture. The water is of the deepest blue, tinged with purple. What a panorama! What a tableau of tropical beauty as one leisurely walks around the tree-covered streets and gets the real South Sea Island atmosphere! The picture is like some poet's dream. The high mountains of tropical foliage, the blue sky and the blue sea, make it a thing of ineffable beauty. All travellers succumb to the beauty of Rarotonga.

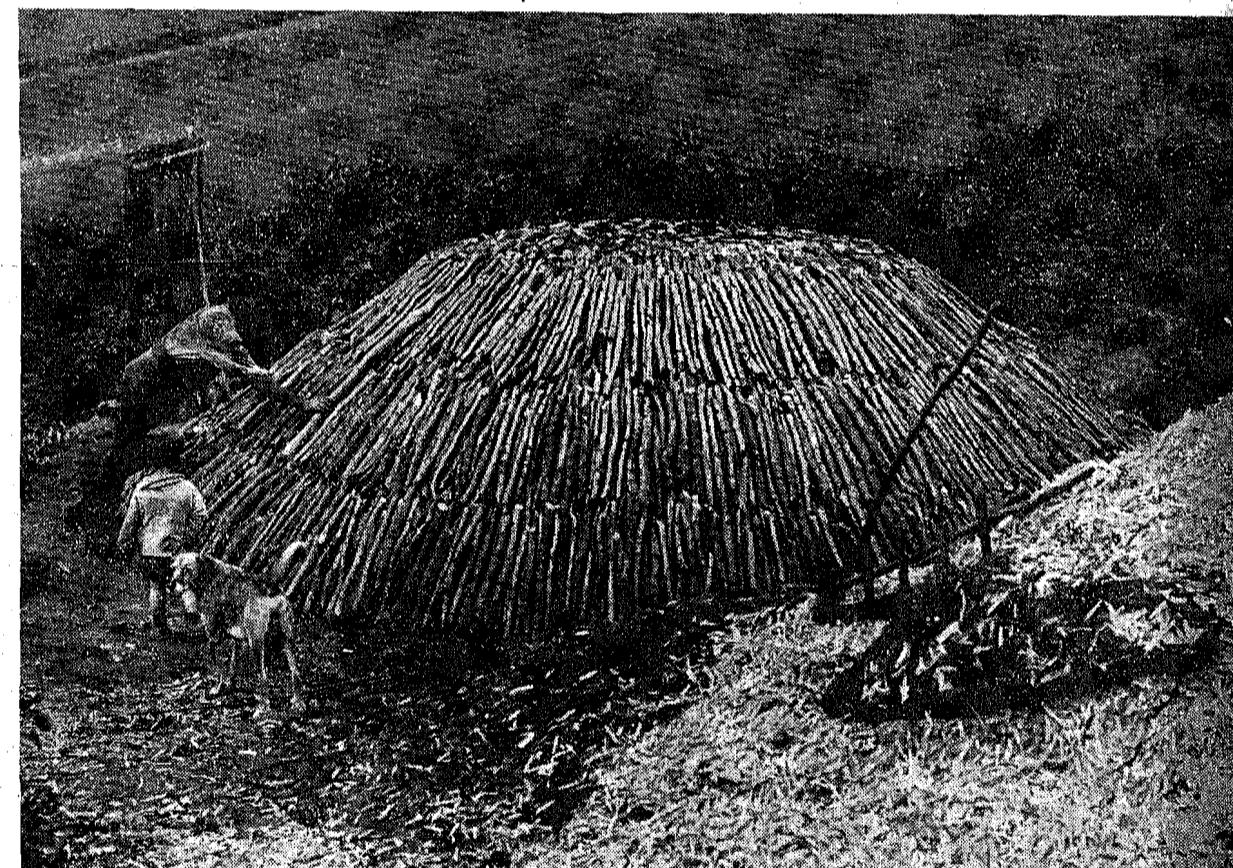
The people of the archipelago are brown Polynesians, speaking a dialect allied to the Samoan. Formerly they were fierce warriors, carrying on hateful blood feuds passed as a heritage from generation to generation; but now, largely due to the ministrations of the London Missionary Society, the entire population has come within the pale of civilization.

ABYSSINIANS FREED
Emperor Liberates Slaves

TO CELEBRATE his coronation the Emperor of Ethiopia has set free thousands of slaves.

Up to the present a fourth of the people of Abyssinia have been in bondage. But nobody has recognized more than the new emperor what a blot this evil custom is on the nation's good name, and for thirteen years he has been striving to abolish the shameful traffic.

Avarua, on the north coast, is the principal village of the island and the seat of the Cook Islands Administration. It is the commercial town for all the islands, and is strung along a mile of white beach in the shadow of the purple mountain Ikuangi. On the landward side it is bordered by tall cocoanut palms, quaint pandanus, scarlet and yellow hibiscus and trailing pink-blossomed vines which dip their leaves in the water of the glowing blue lagoon. The pretty bungalows of the white residents and the long, low native cottages stand amidst this profusion of trees and flowers close to the coral strand of the lagoon.



The ancient art of charcoal burning, the converting of the remains of tree felling into handy fuel, is a traditional occupation in England, the art being passed from father to son. Here we see the finishing touches being given the kiln, which consists of wood methodically stacked and covered with earth and shavings.

RADIOS FOR POLICE

POLICE of Brighton, England, are to receive additional and unique equipment in the form of portable radio receivers, by which they can keep in contact with Police headquarters.

This neat contraption can be carried in a breast pocket, and weighs no more than a policeman's torch. Miniature headphones and a "buzzer" are a part of the equipment. A message broadcast from the police station would reach every constable within the city radius.

A new by-product of the soy bean, of Manchuria fame, is now being made to produce a glue, which is valuable in the manufacture of plywoods.

A QUEER MODERN NOAH'S ARK

AN ISLAND in a Florida lake is used for grazing cattle, the frequent submersions to which parts of the island are prone, producing rich and valuable pastureage.

During heavy storms the waves sweep over the island, and the cattle are then removed to the mainland in scows.

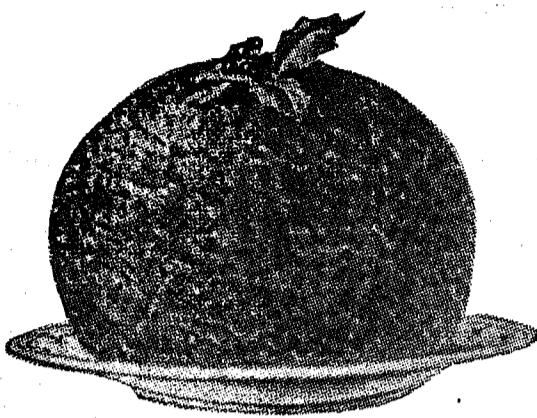
The owner of the island had occasion to visit the island during a storm when all but one spot had been submerged for several days. On this knoll stands a large shed which is used for storing fodder, hay and other supplies for times of drought. To the owner's consternation, on entering the shed he found it to be a veritable Noah's Ark. Within it

were all the survivors of the island—rabbits, squirrels, birds of many varieties, rattlesnakes, hoop snakes, lizards, tortoises, insects, and other kinds of animal life too numerous to mention.

To add to his surprise, all this motley gathering appeared to be living in perfect amity, the rattler and his natural prey, on "speaking terms," the hawk and mice rubbing shoulders, so to speak.

The cause of this phenomenon, in the owner's opinion, was fear. Driven from their holes and nests by the encroaching waters they sought safety in the shed where terror prevented the strong from preying upon the weak.

January 10, 1931



MOTHER, when will Santa be here?"

Mrs. Black looked down into the wistful face of her eight-year-old son, but for a moment a lump in her throat choked back the reply.

"Santa might be extra busy this year," she said finally, "and perhaps he won't be able to get to our place. He has so many boys and girls to visit, you know, Tommy."

The little fellow turned away, perplexed. Santa loved all boys and girls; why should some be missed? he thought. Now, there was Billie down the street; Santa was going to visit him. Tommy couldn't understand it.

Like many another youngster he had not yet come to realize that Santa's magnanimity depended largely upon the amount of work Daddy was getting. Mr. Black had not been working for months; he owed the landlady a big rent bill, too. It cut him to the heart to see his boy deprived of Christmas joys—but what could he do?

"Thank God!"

It was the day before Christmas. Tommy was out playing, and Mrs. Black was alone in the house. Suddenly a loud knock sounded on the front door, reverberating down the hallway.

"A Christmas hamper, ma'am," said the jovial visitor, as he shoved a bulky parcel into the hall. "Good morning to you, ma'am, and a merry Christmas."

Mrs. Black's fingers trembled with joy and excitement as she tore off the wrapper, and spread the parcels

Two Stories From Windsor

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DARKER STORY"

Had Not a Friendly Hand Been Outstretched in the Nick of Time

"PLEASE may I see the Officer?" came the enquiry, and into the office of Staff-Captain Ham came two young men. Both wore new clothes and were fairly well dressed. "Hardly looking for help," thought the Staff-Captain, as he looked them over. But he was wrong this time. Then came the story:

"We have just been deported from the U.S.A. and have only a few dollars on us," said the spokesman. Hesitatingly came the next sentence or two: "We have just been paroled and sent over the Border from the Columbus, Ohio, Penitentiary. Yes, we were through the fire, but thank God, we were spared."

"The Salvation Army Officer who constantly visited us in the 'Pen' advised us to come and see you. Our clothes are prison clothes; everybody can see that," said they, keenly feeling their position.

Then the elder of the two said, "My mother lives at —, a village two hundred and fifty miles north of here. She doesn't know I'm released, but if she did she would help me out with some money and I could go home and see her. I haven't seen her for six long years. Would you put through a telephone call and let me speak to her?"

A time was fixed with the telephone operator, and on the minute the young man, trembling with excite-

ment, called out over the wire: "Mother, Mother, is that you?" Yes, it was mother—would she help?—Yes, she would.

The other lad was weeping. "What's the matter?" enquired the Staff-Captain. "My mother is dead," said he.

The thrilling telephone call ended, and soon a telegram, with the rail-way fare, was received by the Staff-Captain. Train tickets were bought and away sped the two men who bore the prison mark ready to be cast away. They were off to a new start, aided by "The Army of the Helping Hand."

What might have happened without a friendly hand at a moment of need might be a darker story. Such men easily lapse into crime again.

* * *

Here's another story from Windsor:

There's plenty of work for you to do in

THE "REGIONS BEYOND" CAMPAIGN

THE CAMPAIGN IS NOW IN FULL SWING THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY. LOSE NO TIME

REMEMBER, OPPORTUNITY PASSES ON SWIFT FEET

PUDDINGS FOR THE PUDDINGLESS

Thousands of Mothers and Dads and Tommies and Marys were made Happy by The Army's Yuletide Benefactions

on the kitchen table. A roast of beef—potatoes — turnips — bread — butter — tea — sugar — milk — candy — oranges. "Oh!" she burst out, "Thank God, we can now have a Christmas dinner."

There was a pudding, too—a big plum pudding, with Yuletide decorations; a pudding that would melt in Tommy's mouth; a pudding full of raisins and spice and nuts and all things nice. There were toys as well. Yes, Santa had come to Black's. How happy they would all be!

A card bore Christmas greetings from The Salvation Army, and a "War Cry" brought seasonable reading. "Thank God for these people," the mother ejaculated again and again. "I must hide all these good things now, and surprise Dad and Tommy in the morning."

The Alchemy of Beneficence

Thousands of Canadian mothers were in an equally joyous frame over the Christmas season, their despair being translated into gratitude and happiness by the glorious alchemy of Army beneficence, made possible through the interest of generous friends. Tragedy stalks through our towns and cities, casting its baneful influence to right and left. It was only the warm-heartedness of those who were able to help that chased it away from so many homes during the holy season just past.

"I would like to know if you can help my family this Christmas time," wrote one worried father to The Army, a few days before the festive time. "I have been unemployed for almost seven months, having had only two weeks' work in that time. There are three of them, one three months old, the other fifteen months, and one three years old. We have never had to ask for this before. I have always had work . . ."

"My husband is in the hospital this year," wrote a distracted mother. "I

am working but find it difficult to supply food for my five children. We would be so happy if you could send us a Christmas dinner!" Her plea was not in vain.

The Army took Christmas music to those who were in prison, and Christmas cheer to the prisoners' wives at home. Here is a letter received from a mother and wife whose husband is somewhere in jail—just where she doesn't know. The letter tells its own story of The Army's past helpfulness. Needless to say, she—along with many other prisoners' wives—received a Christmas basket.

"Just a few lines to ask you if there is any chance for me to get a little help this Christmas, as there is no way for me to get anything. I went to see the R— but they could not trace my husband, and I don't know what I am going to do, for my boy is not working . . . Thanks for the underwear and socks you sent us."

A particularly pathetic case was discovered a few days before the 25th. There are five persons in the family, father, mother and three children. The father is totally incapacitated, having been ill for three years. The mother, a frail little woman, has been bravely nursing him and trying to keep the home together at the same time. She earns a little money on the side, and that, added to the twelve dollars a week earned by the oldest boy who is learning a trade, has kept the wolf at bay. But the struggle has been difficult, and family pride prevented them from telling the world of their troubles. The neighbors were totally unaware of their dire plight, and it was only through the interest of a distant friend that their condition came to be noticed. What a difference an over-flowing hamper of good things made in that home!

Generous Support

The manner in which the public has rallied to The Army's aid at this time of good cheer is most praiseworthy. Generous support has been unselfishly accorded by rich and poor alike. As in years past, the colorful Christmas pots appeared on the streets of Toronto and other Canadian centres. It was a common sight in the Queen City to see a queue of busy shoppers, bundle-laden, listening to the three cornetists who played Christmas carols—arranged for those instruments, by the way, by Staff-Captain Coles.

Contrasted with the man who threw a hundred dollar bill into the pot were those little children and elderly women who, actuated by the same spirit, threw in their cents and nickels. One "newsie" approached a



Cadet tending a tripod pot on a busy intersection, and observing the number 25 on the swinging kettle, asked wistfully, "'Spose you don't take nothin' less'n two bits, eh?" Reassured by the lassie that the pot was for the "whoever," the little fellow dropped his handful of jingling pennies into the midst of the rustling bills from more opulent, but no more sincere donors. He went away as blithely as a lark, having done his bit! "I likes to help you people, Miss," were his parting words.

A young business man wanted the name of a family upon whom he might spend \$10 for a Christmas dinner, leaving them enough for a few days after. When he saw the tremendous number of needy on our lists, he came back for the names of more families, saying he had interested other young men who wished to do similarly. Five families were cared for in this way.

Friendly Co-operation

A woman phoned to say she wanted an old couple to come to her home for Christmas. Needless to say she was accommodated. Such wonderful co-operation is appreciated more than can be expressed.

In a number of towns and cities various societies have co-operated with The Army in dispensing Christmas cheer. One instance in point is that of the Toronto Choral Society, through whose magnificent helpfulness The Army was able to give a dinner to one hundred unemployed young men. One thousand Christmas baskets were distributed in the same centre, hundreds of Christmas Eve dinners were given to workless men (as reported elsewhere) and all Christmas day the kitchens for the poor were kept in high-speed order.

The Army is fully aware, of course, that the needs of the people do not cease with the passing of the Christmas season. Works of benefaction will be continued as long as there is a homeless child, a needy mother, a sincere seeker for employment. Salvationists heartily appreciate the practical encouragement of those who support this uplifting ministry.

A man, about sixty years of age, entered the Divisional Headquarters in that city. "My grandson, who lives with me, is in trouble," he explained to Staff-Captain Ham. "He is in the hands of the police in London, Ontario. Two other lads from the Border Cities also ran away with him. They are teen age lads. Can The Salvation Army help in bringing them back to their homes?"

A long distance phone call soon brought an answer from Ensign Brewer of The Army Boys' Home in

London. The facts of the case were given, and the Ensign at once was on the job. He paid the court expenses and arranged transportation for the lads. The Chief of Police was informed, and was delighted with the quickness of action and result.

There was joy in the three homes as the prodigal lads were brought back to their father's house.

Again the long-reaching "helping hand" of The Army met a community need.

FIRST FOR YEARS

BROCKVILLE (Captain Oliver, Lieutenant Simester) — Brockville's first Home League Sale for several years was held recently, with gratifying results. Mrs. Pratt, prominent in Brockville as a philanthropist and charity worker, opened the event.

Our Annual Young People's Demonstration was held on Friday, and was featured by a record attendance. —"Caplieu."